BEGINNING—**BORN TO RAISE HELL**—*A THRILLING STORY OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE*

BY TEX O'REILLY AND LOWELL THOMAS

APR. 1, 1933

Liberty

5¢

A NEW DEAL FOR THE VETERANS

BY JAY FRANKLIN

SAWING A WOMAN IN HALF

ILLUSION:

A large packing case is exhibited on a raised platform. A young woman climbs into the box. Head, hands and feet protrude, and are held by spectators while the magician takes a crosscut saw and, with the help of an assistant, saws through the center of the box and apparently through the woman.

EXPLANATION:

One method of performing this illusion requires the presence of *two* girls in the box. One girl curls up in the left half of the box with her head and hands protruding. The other girl is doubled up in the right half of the box with only her feet showing. Nobody is sawed in half.

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

Cigarette advertising, too, has its tricks. Consider the illusion that "Flavor" can be achieved by some kind of magical hocus-pocus in manufacturing cigarettes.

EXPLANATION: Just three factors control the flavor of a cigarette. The addition of artificial flavoring. The blending of various tobaccos. And the *quality* of the tobaccos themselves. Quality is by far the most important.

Domestic cigarette tobaccos vary in price from 5¢ a pound up to 40¢ a pound. Imported tobaccos vary from 50¢ a pound to $1.15.

Distinctive, *pleasing* flavor depends largely upon the blending of the *costlier* tobaccos.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Try Camels. Give your taste a chance to sense the subtle difference that lies in costlier tobaccos.

Camels are always fresh, cool, in prime condition in the seamless, *welded* Humidor Pack.

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KEPT FRESH IN THE WELDED HUMIDOR PACK

NO TRICKS... JUST COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

APRIL 1, 1933 VOL. 10, No. 13

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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Cover by TEMPEST INMAN

WHY NOT LIBERTY BOND CURRENCY?

Money is scarce everywhere. Millions of dollars totaling into billions are being hoarded. Banks are holding on to huge surpluses.

The value of the dollar has been boosted sky-high and is still rapidly increasing.

The buying power of the dollar of today if compared to its value in boom times is now worth a dollar and eighty-one cents, so statistical investigation has indicated. You can buy as much for the dollar at the present time as you could have bought with a dollar and eighty-one cents in the heyday of our prosperity.

And the critics of inflation—those who are holding on to a large supply of these dollars—naturally want their money to retain its present value.

But how about the farmers and the merchants in small towns where money is so scarce at this time? Even inflation can hardly be depended upon to remedy their difficulties. But cheaper money might help raise their prices, and if values do not greatly increase, the holidays that the farmers have inaugurated ought to be continued until a scarcity will force an increase in price. Overproduction along with greatly reduced buying power has been the cause of their trouble.

All of us who contracted obligations made in the boom period have to pay our debts with this high-priced dollar.

There is no possible chance for us to get out of this financial morass unless money can be made more plentiful, unless its value can be materially lowered. And with this end in view—

Why not a Liberty Bond Currency?

Why can not a special currency be issued that will have the same guaranty back of it which now protects the Liberty Bonds? And this negotiable currency can be issued in whatever denomination is desired in exchange for Liberty Bonds.

And when the government makes this exchange the payment of interest will cease immediately and the bond for which the currency has been issued can be canceled and destroyed—thus assuring the government of a saving of huge sums of money in interest.

Hundreds of millions of these Liberty Bonds would undoubtedly come in for such an exchange if the government would announce such a plan, and if the bonds did not come in fast enough they could be recalled as desired.

Such a plan would put millions of money into circulation, and investors who had exchanged their Liberty Bonds for currency would naturally be searching for other means of using their money.

More money into circulation!

That is what we need.

That would make cheaper money. It would undoubtedly be spent more freely. And along with such a plan, if we can get back some of the confidence that we have lost in ourselves and in our country, we might make tremendous strides toward that great goal, Prosperity, that we are all yearning for at this time.

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BEGINNING

Born *to* Raise HELL

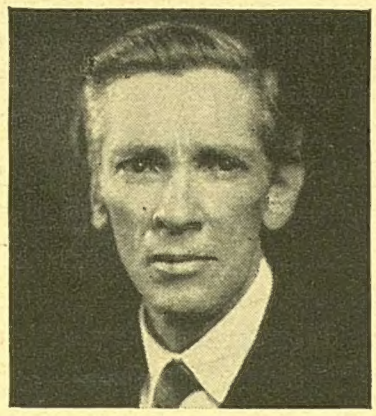
The Thrilling Story of TEX O'REILLY, *Most Famous of Soldiers of Fortune and Veteran of Eight Wars, Who Lived a Hundred Lives of Extraordinary Daring, Romance, and Adventure*

as told to

LOWELL THOMAS

(Reading time: 31 minutes 15 seconds.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Tex O'Reilly is probably the most famous soldier of fortune alive. He is surely the most war-loving and the most Irish. It is the sober truth about him that he cannot be quite happy unless he can be in a war somewhere, and he has been in eight of them: the Spanish-American War, the Philippine insurrection, the Boxer Rebellion in China, one of the revolts against Castro in Venezuela, all three wars that made up the Mexican revolution, and the war with Abd-el-Krim in Morocco, in which he was an officer in the Spanish Foreign Legion. He doesn't count the World War, for he didn't get to France; they let him into olive drab finally and made him a major, but too late. That almost broke his heart. He guesses, with scorn, that they didn't think he knew how to fight!



Tex O'Reilly as he appears today.

As for his Irish blood, his grandparents were an O'Reilly, an O'Ryan, a Healey, and a Murphy. "You can't get a combination," he says proudly, "more Irish than that." And then, of course, his lineage goes back to Irish kings. He explains that the name O'Reilly means *gregarious*, and was given to an ancestor in the year 1016, when the Irish first began to use surnames. The last independent chieftain of the name was Emonn O'Reilly; Emonn in English is Edward, which is Tex's name, and he says there has been an Edward in every O'Reilly generation from the old chieftain down to his own son, who is the last of the line so far. "I am today The O'Reilly," he declares; "I have all the papers." But he concedes that there are O'Reillys in every country of Europe, in consequence of old wars when titled Irishmen were hunted out of Ireland.

Once in New York City, when there wasn't any war on, Tex undertook to provide himself with one, and landed in a magistrate's court. The judge asked his name—and grew indignant when he gave it. A police lieutenant looked surprised, too. It developed that both likewise were Edward O'Reillys, so the judge dismissed the prisoner without a stain on his character, and he and the lieutenant took a drink on it.

If war is hell, Tex certainly was born to raise it. Among the first-class fighting men in his family tree are Count Alexander or Don Alessandro O'Reilly, Spanish governor-general of Cuba and then of Louisiana, who eventually fought against Napoleon and died during a campaign; and an Austrian O'Reilly who was a gallant cavalry commander, fell at Austerlitz, and after his death was honored by the victorious Napoleon. Ancestors of Tex on his mother's side fought in the War of 1812.

He and the town of Denison, Texas, were born in 1880 at the same time and place. He first saw the light in a three-room shack that was then the only wooden house there. During his infancy his father bought a ranch in west Texas, but also went about from new town to new town building jails and courthouses, so the family spent much time in a covered wagon. As a little boy Tex saw something of gun fights, especially after the coming of the barbed-wire fence, which infuriated the open-range cattlemen. He remembers the arrival of the first barbed-wire salesman in San Antonio; it was John W. Gates, later the famous plunger financier. In one impromptu battle of the fencing war young Tex found himself in the line of fire and heard for the first time that whistling of bullets that was to become so familiar to him.

He was nine when Oklahoma was opened for settlement, and he witnessed the inrush of the settlers. Eight years later he was fighting in Cuba, having enlisted in Company B, Fourth United States Infantry. He insists that it was the regulars, not Roosevelt and the Roughriders, who took San Juan Hill. He himself was in the charge on El Caney, and made a Spaniard of his own age prisoner.

After the war, when his discharge was due in two weeks, his outfit was ordered to the Philippines. With others, he decided to stay in the army "for the joy ride," he explains it today, and in December, 1898, they sailed from New York on the transport Grant. It was not until she anchored at Colombo, Ceylon, that they learned that they were going out to fight.

They kept trying to get past me, clutching at me, and I kept pushing them back. It was horrible.

PART ONE—BAYONET VERSUS BOLOS

OUR war with the Filipinos began February 4, 1899. A few weeks later we landed in Manila, and I met the man who fired the first shot. He was from Nebraska and his name was Grayson. His regiment was the Second Nebraska.

The Americans held the city and the harbor. By August, 1898, our war with Spain was over, and the Filipino revolutionists wanted to come into Manila. The Americans would not let them. The question of recognizing the independence of the Philippines was being thrashed out in Washington. Everyone knew that if their independence was not recognized, the Filipinos would go on fighting for it—fighting us.

For six months, from August to February, the troops held that position—the Americans in the city; the Filipinos, Aguinaldo's forces, in a semicircle around it. They visited back and forth on friendly terms, but orders were to keep the Filipinos out.

On February 4 Private Grayson was doing sentry duty on a little bridge in a suburb of Manila called Paco. A Filipino officer came across the bridge to go into town. Grayson stopped him and told him he must go back and take off his gun.

The officer refused to obey such an order, so Grayson chased him off the bridge. After he had gone back to his quarters, one of his men walked out and threw his gun down, aimed at Grayson, and let loose all the mixed profanity they use. Two or three others did the same, and they were all cursing Americans.

Grayson was stationed there alone, and he did an admirable thing. For nearly an hour he stood there while they swore at him and threatened him, and he did not let anybody cross that bridge. Then one of the Filipinos fired over his head, and Grayson killed him. The fight started instantly. The firing spread like a train of powder all around the city, a line more than seventeen miles long. Our war for the Philippines had begun.

When we came through the narrow entrance at Corregidor Island, Manila Bay opened out before us, twenty-five miles wide. Dewey's fleet was anchored there, and at the right, near the shore, were English and German warships and the masts of the sunken Spanish ships.

Across the bay we saw Manila. In the afternoon we marched through the new city, and three miles out of Manila we camped at Caloocan church. The old stone church was headquarters of General MacArthur, division commander, and Colonel Frederick Funston, commanding the Twentieth Kansas Volunteers.

Illustrations by
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

That night I was on guard duty. I was sitting on a hardtack box in front of the church, and a little fellow with whiskers came along, pulled up another box and sat down beside me. He was in army uniform and said he was from the Twentieth Kansas. He began asking questions about our trip. When he was leaving I said:

"Say, what kind of looking guy is this Funston? I got to throw him a salute if he comes along."

"Oh, he's a little shrimp."

"What kind of a fellow is he?"

"Ask the cook over there," he said. "He don't like Funston."

So I went over to the cook house and asked the cook.

"You poor nut," he said. "That was Colonel Funston you were talking to."

A COUPLE of days later the Filipinos got in behind us, and burned most of the Chinese quarter of Manila. We had to go back between rows of burning houses and drive them out. We were fighting in there with the fire scorching off our hair and eyebrows.

In that fight I got the scare of my life. During the day we passed a Chinese leper hospital and graveyard, and that night a report came that the attendants had run away and the lepers were getting loose. I was sent down to keep them in their compound.

There was only one entrance to the big walled courtyard. The night was pitch black, and the lepers had lighted a big bonfire. Two or three hundred living fragments of men were milling around in the firelight, and they kept trying to get out.

I couldn't talk to them and I couldn't shoot them. Little was known about leprosy in those days and I thought I would get it if one of them touched me. They kept trying to crowd past me, clutching at me, and I kept fending them off and pushing them back with my gun.

It was horrible. It was worse than nightmare. In spite of all I could do, those things would get their hands on me. I was there alone for more than an hour.

At last a Spanish doctor came. He talked to the lepers and quieted them down. They were frightened and confused and no one had given them anything to eat. The doctor gave them some food, and then the two of us nailed up the door of the hospital and nailed up the gate.

I got a big tin can and went down to a little creek and took off every stitch of my clothes and thoroughly boiled them. I went into the creek and scoured myself all over with sand. I was a desperately frightened kid.

Two or three days later a rash broke out all over me. I knew then that I had it. I was only eighteen. That was the most horrible experience I ever had—and I thought I was exposing all the other men to that disease.

I suffered for a couple of days, and then made up my mind that I had to report my condition. The bravest act of my life was going to that doctor.

There was one second I couldn't move—an arm held me

He looked me over and laughed and gave me some talcum powder. It was a case of prickly heat!

Our northern advance began with that fight. Coming into Malabon we passed General Montenegro's headquarters, and Leon Crowell and I went in.

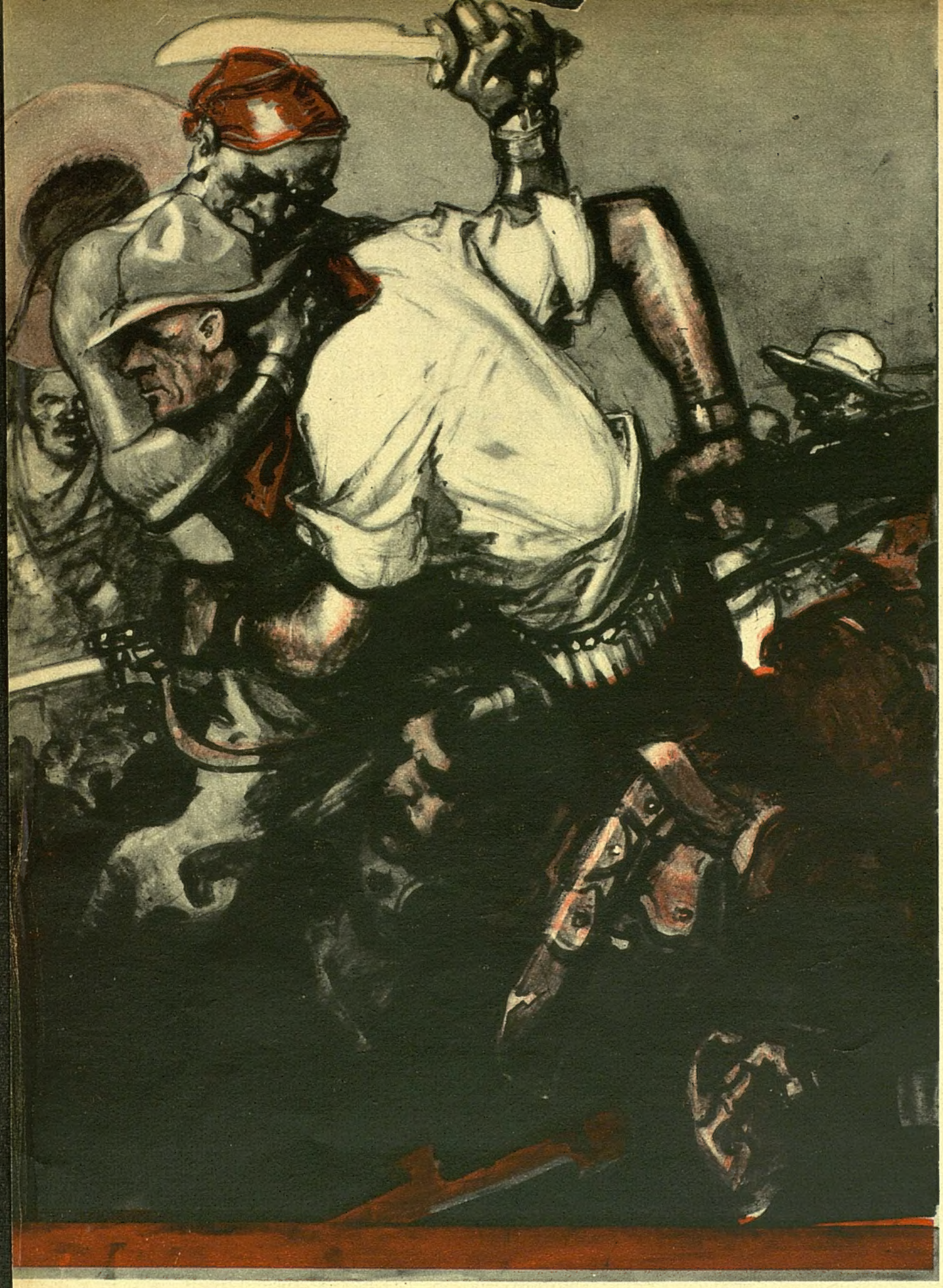
General Montenegro had joined his own people in the rebellion against Spain, and was now commanding that part of the Filipino line. Our troops had driven him out of Malabon only a few minutes before.

On his desk I found a pair of field glasses, a fine watch with a gold dial, and three Spanish military medals.

Soldiers will loot. I picked up these things, and then we opened a tall secretary. There was nothing in it but some glass beads and chandelier ornaments. Windy Rankin glanced at the beads and said:

"Well, they're pretty, anyway." He took a handful.

Some time later we were down in Manila, and we



around the neck—and I saw one of them aiming a gun at me.

went into a jeweler's. Windy pulled out those beads and said:

"Any of these worth anything?"

The jeweler said one was a diamond, and he paid Windy five hundred dollars for it.

GENERAL MONTENEGRO had been wounded in the fight at Malabon and a few days later he was captured and brought in. Our officers admired him and he was released on his parole not to leave the city. By some means word was sent to him that his brother had died in Tarlac, the insurrecto headquarters, and his old mother and several women of the family were left there alone. They wanted him to come.

Montenegro went to General "Hell-Roaring" Jake Smith and told him the situation. He pledged his word that he would return as a prisoner at whatever date was set. General Smith accepted his word and gave him permission to be gone a week.

While he was in Tarlac violent fighting broke out. On the last night of his leave he came in alone, through two lines of fire, in order not to break his word.

The story was printed in the Manila papers and it made a hit with me. I felt I should give him back the stuff I had looted from his headquarters. So I went to him with it. The medals, he said, had been given him by the King of Spain and he valued them and thanked me for returning them. But he gave the field glasses and the watch to me. I have them yet.

WE were several weeks in camp at Blockhouse No. 2, and a strange thing occurred one night when I was out on post. I happened to be the man on watch when the officer of the day came along on inspection. He was Captain Rockefeller of the Ninth Infantry, which was stationed on our left.

He asked me where the next post was, and I walked a few steps with him and pointed it out. It was only a few hundred yards away, and we should have been able to see it but a light mist was rising from the rice fields. I told Captain Rockefeller to follow the rice paddy down, and he couldn't miss it.

He walked away from me into the mist, and was never seen again. Nearly two years later I found his signature on the wall of a native hut, far up in the wildest part of northern Luzon, and that is the only trace of him that has ever been found from that day to this.

Our first long hike was a hard three-days' fast march through the mountains, around the Laguna de Bay to Morong. The insurrectos met us, and they put up a good fight against General Lawton at Morong, and meantime their main body retreated. We came down from the mountain fighting in time to help take Morong, but the insurrecto army had got away.

Next morning we started to hike back to Manila. We had been marching and fighting for ten days, with no chance to take off our clothes. I thought the only thing I wanted in the world was a bath.

Late that afternoon we came to a stream and were ordered to fall out. I saw my chance. We thought we were going to camp there for the night. I went right into the river and took a bath, and then, having washed out my khaki pants, I laid them in the rapids with a rock on them, to let the current rinse them.

I climbed out on the bank and was putting on my shirt when we were ordered to fall in. We were marching on to camp in Táy-táy. I rushed out to get my pants. The current had washed them away. There was no time to run after them; I had to fall in line and do it quick.

When the commanding officer came along inspecting us, I was in my shirt tail. He looked me over and said:

" Huh, this is a strange spectacle. I'm afraid you're hardly presentable for our march into town."

He thought it over and added: " I could lend you a safety pin.

" No," he said; " that would hardly be adequate. You stay here till we send you a pair of pants."

I sat by the side of that road for two hours. Finally a fellow came out from Táy-táy. He had been ordered to bring me a pair of pants and he had brought them. The only thing he had been able to find was a pair of enormous big Chinese pants. They were on a Chinaman, but he took them off him by force.

How they did razz me! I was desperate, and I made up my mind I would get some pants, no matter how. Next day we met a wagon train and I found out that one of the teamsters had a suit of civilian clothes in the feed box of his wagon. So I took those pants.

The teamster set up a roar and tried to take them away from me, but I was desperate and fighting for my modesty. He was a big teamster and we had one hell of a fight, but I kept those pants.

A strange and tragic thing happened on the night we relieved the Fourteenth Infantry at Imus.

We had landed that morning in Bacoór, and had seen a native wedding. The groom was a Filipino helper around the army kitchen. He married a beautiful native girl named Dolores. We saw the bamboo band and the parade, and the girl in the white clothes of a bride.

That evening the C. O. at Bacoór wanted to send a message up to our outfit at Imus. It was only four miles, and he offered Fernando, the groom, two dollars to bring us the letter. Two dollars was a great deal of money in those days, especially to a native just married.

His new wife walked part of the way with him. She went as far as the turn of the road and stopped and waited there for him to come back. He took the short cut across the rice fields in order to save time.

One of our sentries caught sight of him in the dark and took him for an insurrecto. Without waiting to challenge him, the sentry fired and killed him.

That night there was a terrific tropical thunderstorm. All along that road the palms and bananas and bamboo were blown down, and in the morning somebody found the girl still waiting there. She had lost her mind.

For seventeen years she watched at that bend of the road for Fernando to come back. I saw her dozens of times. She was always there. She'd step out and say:

" Have you seen Fernando? I'm waiting for Fernando. We were married this morning."

In a year she became an old woman. She chewed betel nut and her teeth were red, and her hair turned gray; she looked like a hag. But she still wore her bride's clothes. She kept them as fresh and clean as she could, but in the rain her gray hair would be stringing down and her skirts would be draggled with mud. She'd step out and say:

" Have you seen Fernando? We were married this morning. He told me to wait here. He is coming back just as quickly as he can. Haven't you seen him anywhere? "

YEARS later I heard the sequel. After she had waited seventeen years, a young lieutenant of constabulary, named Thompson, was stationed at Bacoór. He met this old bride of Bacoór and became friends with her.

They were building roads near Bacoór then, and one day a native workman was killed by a blast. Nobody knew who he was or where he came from, and Thompson had an idea. He had the body dressed in the clothes of a bridegroom and carried along the road to the place where she was waiting. He went ahead and told her:

" Dolores, I have bad news for you. Your Fernando has been killed, and we are bringing him home."

She believed it. She laid aside her bride's garments and put on the mourning of a widow.

Thompson thought he had ended her misery of waiting, and that now she would gradually forget and lead something like a normal life among her people. But from that time on she attached herself to poor Thompson —she was so grateful for his sympathy and kindness. Finally he asked for a transfer to Indang, simply to get away from her.

An epidemic of smallpox broke out in Indang. There wasn't a doctor in the place, and Thompson was the only American. He worked day and night for weeks, cleaning and disinfecting and burying and burning, and when at last the doctors got there they found him down with the smallpox, delirious and raving. He did not know them. And sometime during that night he disappeared.

For weeks they searched all that country. A big reward was offered. No trace of him could be found.

Then one day he came walking into Indang. The old mad bride of Bacoór had kidnaped him while he was unconscious and had carried him out into the jungle to a deserted native hut. There she nursed him. He said that she gathered armfuls of leaves in the jungle and pounded them to a green paste and kept it plastered all all over his body. She cured him of the smallpox and he healed without a scar.

When he was able to walk he made his way back to Indang, and the old madwoman came with him.

THE first morning after we arrived at Imus we had a taste of the kind of fighting that we were to have for a year, holding a four-mile stretch of road.

We started out on a little reconnaissance hike toward the town of Perez des Martinez. We were a skeleton battalion, 180 men altogether. It was a clear morning after the storm and everyone was in good spirits, not expecting any trouble at all.

My chum, Pete Goorski, was feeling fine. He had only forty days to do until his discharge, and he was counting off the days. He was homesick for Chicago, always talking about it.

We had marched about nine miles out of Imus when we heard a little spurt of firing in our rear. In a minute it was all around us, bullets coming from every direction, and Pete laughed and said:

" I'm the shortest-time man in the company. I'll be killed today."

I said, " Shut up, you damn' fool."

Our officers deployed us into the flooded rice fields on both sides of the road. We didn't know yet what we were up against.

Our first rear-guard charge failed, and by that time the fighting was pretty hot. It turned out that we had walked into a trap of the whole southern army of the insurrectos.

A kid named Mifflin was hit beside me. I picked him up out of the mud and put on a first-aid bandage. I couldn't lay him down; he'd have drowned. Our Lieutenant Micklin ordered three of us to take him back to the road where the doctors were working.

Wounded men were lying thick all along the road; our one ambulance was full. The doctors and the wounded were under fire on the open road, but they couldn't stay in the mud of the rice paddies.

When we came in with Mifflin, Captain Andrus had just received an order from Major Bubb to take the wounded about a quarter of a mile down the road toward Imus. Captain Andrus was not of my company, but he gathered up all the men there who were able to fight, and ordered us back along the road as rear guard.

At that moment I just happened to glance over my shoulder, and about a hundred yards farther out I saw an arm in a blue soldier shirt come up out of the rice and fall back again. Without saying or thinking anything, I ran out there.

He was Sergeant Lang. A bullet had gone through his throat. I got him hoisted on to my back and started toward the road, and just then I saw ten or a dozen bolo men coming on the run.

I had to drop the sergeant. There was only time to shoot one of them before they closed in. By good luck, I fixed my bayonet.

There wasn't time to know what was happening. Half a dozen of them were chopping at me with bolos and I was just automatically going on with my bayonet. I had been in exhibition bayonet drill; that was all that saved me. There was one second I couldn't move—an arm held me around the neck— and I saw one of them aiming a gun at me. For some reason he missed, and I got loose and was at it again with the bayonet.

They gave ground for a minute and I got Lang on my back and started. But I made only a couple of yards before I had to drop him and fight again. The other men were falling back down the road. They didn't see me.

That was the hottest hand-to-hand fight I was ever in. All knife and bayonet work, bloody business. It seemed to last for hours, but it was only for a few minutes. Somebody saw us, and Captain Andrus and a dozen men came running back. They took the fight off my hands, and when it was over I went back to my company.

They recommended me for the Medal of Honor for that fight, and the recommendation was approved by President McKinley, but I never did get the medal. Only this year I heard that I may get it next year. I didn't get a scratch, but there were thirty-two bolo cuts on my gun, and for years it hung as a trophy in the headquarters of the Fourth Infantry.

My company was in our next charge. We were trying to break the insurrecto lines and get out of that trap, but we couldn't do it. In that charge Pete Goorski was killed.

A bullet struck him between the eyes and blew out the back of his head. We had been bunkies ever since we went down to Cuba together.

FINALLY those that were left of us formed a hollow square around the wounded. We had been fighting five hours and our ammunition was nearly gone. We fixed bayonets, and we expected it to be knock-down-and-drag-out as long as we lasted.

The insurrectos closed in again, but a young lieutenant of the Signal Corps had got through to Imus and sent us help. Two battalions of the Fourth Infantry came out on the run and drove the Filipinos back. We were out of ammunition when they got there.

"Have you seen Fernando? We were married this morning. He told me to wait here. Haven't you seen him anywhere?"

During that fight on the road one man in our company had thrown down his gun and tried to run away. The whole outfit was sore. Not one of us would have anything to do with him. He was nearly crazy. Then he got a commission as second lieutenant in one of the new volunteer regiments. The whole regiment was furious. His father was a wealthy man in Philadelphia.

A little while after this we made a short hike to a *barrio* called San Nicolas. We were fired on from ambush, and that fellow charged the whole crowd of insurrectos single-handed and made a star-spangled hero of himself.

When his new regiment arrived it was stationed down in Samar. He was in battle after battle and in every one of them he made a record for bravery. His exploits became so famous that he was transferred to the regular army as first lieutenant.

Afterward I met him in Manila, and he told me that he never went into a fight without being literally sick with fear. It is natural to be afraid. You hear of men who do not know what fear is, and I have met a couple of them in my life, but they are nothing but damn' gunmen. I have never known or heard of a decent man who isn't afraid when his life is in danger. The man who controls his fear is the valuable man.

Just a few days after the Dos Marinas fight, General Lawton ordered the organization of a small company of regimental scouts, and Leon Crowell and I had the luck to be in it.

There were four men from each company, forty-eight in all. That was the beginning of the famous Philippine Scouts. I was the youngest in the outfit, just nineteen.

Work in the Scouts was all volunteer; we could transfer back to our own outfits at any time. We were organized in Manila, under Captain Percival Lowe and Lieutenant Castner, two splendid officers. They took on a number of civilian scouts—old Indian fighters and Western men who had come from the States with horses for the army. One was Red Haney. He had been a bad man in Arizona and New Mexico, and a noted peace officer too. Another was Hector MacAllister. He was a wonder. An English writer, Cutcliffe Hyne, wrote a series of stories about MacAllister, calling him " Captain Kettle." No one who read those stories ever forgot them, but they were nothing to the real MacAllister.

He was a little man, about five feet five and weighing around 120, but he would fight anything or anybody. He had fiery red hair and a Vandyke beard.

He was really a ship's captain, but he had been in a dozen armies, and there wasn't any unheard-of part of the world that he hadn't poked into.

After the Scouts had been organized a few weeks, Lowe and Castner tried the experiment of enlisting natives. It worked out all right, and eventually we had only seven white men and 240 natives. Crowell and I stuck to the end of our enlistments.

Whenever an expedition went out, we did the scouting. We were in all the fighting there was. One of our first jobs was a little matter of repairing a telegraph line, and we came near being killed to the last man.

The four-mile road between Bacoór and Imus follows the Imus River. About halfway between the towns it makes a sharp turn out of the bamboo thickets, and for two or three hundred yards it runs at the edge of the river bank. A bunch of insurrectos got to the other side

of the river at that point and we did not know they were there. After digging themselves in, they sent a man across the river to cut our telegraph line.

Forty scouts went out from Imus with Lieutenant Kilbourne and a sergeant of the Signal Corps, to find the break and repair it. We came to the break, the sergeant climbed the pole, and we were all standing in the road when the insurrectos fired a volley into us.

They were on the opposite bank of the river. It was like firing across a street. Three or four of us were hit, and we all jumped for cover quick.

The sergeant was shot off the pole, wounded. We dragged him back to cover and then little Lieutenant Kilbourne went out and climbed the pole. We were cornered and outnumbered about twenty to one; we had to have help and it was his job to send for it if he could. The insurrectos concentrated their fire on him, but he got to the top of the pole and got hold of the wire before he was shot down, and when he fell he brought down both ends of the wire with him.

He was shot through the leg, and the fall knocked the wind out of him. There didn't seem to be any hope of getting help by telegraph, and Langdon was sent on foot, to reach Imus if he could. He started to run and was killed. A second man was sent, and fell before he had gone three steps. I was the third fellow ordered to go.

Meantime we had been fighting for half an hour or so, and I noticed Lieutenant Kilbourne. He was lying in a ditch about ten feet from me, tapping the two ends of the wire together. It was possible to send a message that way, but he couldn't tell whether or not it got through to Bacoór. The line might be cut in more than one place.

He rubbed the insulation off the wire and put the ends to his tongue. The current was so strong it laid him out for a minute. He began stirring again, and grounded one wire to reduce the current. Just then I was ordered to go, and I crawled out into the rice fields.

I could squirm along in the muddy water under some cover. Just before I reached the bamboo thicket I came on something funny.

An American mule driver was sitting there in a ditch, hanging on to a team of mules. He had been coming up from Bacoór when the fight suddenly started, and he dived off the road. He was sitting in the water up to his waist. The mules were prancing and lunging, and every time they jumped they dragged him up into the insurrecto fire, and he'd saw and pull and sit down again with a splash, swearing like sixteen mule drivers.

I asked him to get on one mule and ride like hell to Bacoór for help. So he gave me one to hold and he got on the other one and left those parts. I tied mine to a mango tree and got down in the ditch.

IN about five minutes here came a company of the Fourteenth Infantry down the road on the double-quick. That surprised me, because even at the speed that mule driver was making, I hadn't expected results so soon. Lieutenant Kilbourne had got his message through.

Captain Eldridge of the Fourteenth did not show any sign of halting his men, so I jumped out and ran down the road to meet them. The heavy bank of bamboo was like a wall between them and the river. I got behind it, stopped Captain Eldridge, and told him that the enemy was just across the river, and shooting very heavy.

He halted the men, but he started to go out into the open with a pair of field glasses. I said:

"Captain, don't go out there. Everybody but me has been hit."

He didn't answer, shook my hand off his arm, and stepped out. Before he could raise his field glasses a bullet hit him between the eyes and he dropped dead.

The Fourteenth scattered and took cover in the bush.

A few minutes later Captain Riley came up with a couple of guns of his field battery. He started to walk on into the open to have a look, and I stopped him and told him the same thing I had told Captain Eldridge. He worked his way into the bamboo thicket. The bank dropped a sheer ten feet into a clump of willows below. Captain Riley had his men lower a field gun down that bank into the willows, and he opened up point-blank on the insurrectos across the river. That drove them off.

Lieutenant Kilbourne got the Congressional Medal of Honor for what he did that day, and he deserved it.

A strange thing happened while we were at Imus. A man named Johnson was a private in the artillery there. He had a fine education and polished manners, but he was a queer, gloomy fellow and would have nothing to do with anybody except when he was drunk, and then he was mean as the devil.

He never told anybody where he came from, who his people were, why he had joined up with the army. We knew nothing about him except that his name was Johnson, and as it turned out we were wrong about that.

He had a girl there in Imus, and she was beautiful. She was of mixed blood, of course, but her skin was white. Nearly every night he went to the house and sat there for hours, listening while she played the harp.

A lieutenant of volunteers came up to Imus and took a fancy to this girl. He was hanging around her all the time and Johnson didn't like it, so he took the girl to church and they were legally married. He got a pretty little thatched nipa house and fixed it up for her. But this didn't stop the lieutenant. He kept going to call on Mrs. Johnson, though she didn't encourage him.

THEN one day when Johnson had been drinking he came home and found the lieutenant with his wife, and he nearly beat the life out of him, which of course he should have done.

But there is no crime in the army as bad as striking an officer under any circumstances.

Johnson was court-martialed and sentenced to forty years' imprisonment on Alcatraz Island, the military prison in San Francisco Bay. He was about thirty then, and they might as well have sentenced him for life.

He was held in the jail at Imus. It was two or three weeks before the next transport sailed, and one morning they found that Johnson had escaped. He had been permitted to escape, though it could never be proved. His guards could not be convicted for lack of evidence.

It was understood that Johnson had gone down to Manila to stow away on a boat and get away from the Islands. But one night, a week or two after he had gone, the insurrectos made an attack on us. During that fight I heard Johnson's voice. He was with them. He'd turned renegade on his own people.

When he had got out of jail he had gone to the girl, his wife, and the two of them had gone out together and joined the insurrectos. From that time on he was fighting against us. I heard of him several times. He was known to have killed American soldiers.

Then I saw him at Cavite Viejo. The rice fields there are famous all over the East. A natural river comes down through those fields, and the insurrectos had trenches running for several miles along its western bank. There was an old stone bridge across the river, and they had built breastworks across the bridgehead. We had been fighting almost daily for five months to advance that far.

Finally we had information that we had forced the insurrectos to abandon Cavite Viejo, and we were ordered to move up and occupy these deserted trenches.

As we moved up along the road we could not see any signs of life, and there seemed to be no danger in advancing straight to the bridge and crossing it. But as a precaution, Sergeant Frank O'Leary and I were sent ahead.

We walked along the road and we could see nothing wrong, but I had a feeling that things weren't right. O'Leary had the same feeling. It seemed contrary to all reason.

We walked along until we had almost reached the bridge, and suddenly I said:

"Let's get off this road!"

How Tex's impulse saved their lives, and what became of Johnson the renegade—a man of mystery, if ever there has been one—will appear in next week's installment of Born to Raise Hell, in which Tex will also tell enthralling real-life stories of a comic song that kept his skin whole; a Gibson-girl school-teacher who followed her scalawag lover to the Philippines; the bad man of Vigan; and the death trap of San Quentin Pass.

A New DEAL for the VETERANS

Why a Uniform Pension Law and a Constructive Back-to-the-Land Plan Would Solve the Most Difficult Problem of Our Treasury

By JAY FRANKLIN

(Reading time: 10 min. 50 sec.)

FIFTEEN years ago they marched out to war. The bands played Over There, and they were all heroes. We conscripted their time and safety in order to save ourselves, and they went willingly. Nothing was too good for them—and nothing is what too many of them got. It was an expensive war. It cost thirty-five billions of dollars and employed about five million of our men. We are still paying about a billion dollars a year for the money we borrowed; and about a billion dollars for the men we borrowed.

If we hadn't borrowed men and money we would have had neither money nor men. National safety is cheap at any price.

Now, fifteen years after we set out to make the world safe for what have you, the veterans are in a tough spot. They have been suffering along with the rest of us, but unlike the rest of us their war service entitles them to the special consideration of the government they served. As a result, the drain on the Treasury for the relief of veterans is almost as great as the drain on the Treasury for the service of Liberty Bonds.

So far we have done nothing much about it. The veterans can only think of Bonus Marches, and their opponents can only organize National Economy Leagues. Nobody has put forward the need for a new deal for veterans in the shape of a uniform pension law for the service men of all wars and of a land-settlement scheme which will take the question of general relief to veterans out of pension legislation and put it under the head of general economic reconstruction.

Here are the facts which cause the taxpayers to shudder. The American people are now paying nearly a billion dollars a year to the veterans and their dependents. By 1945 we shall be paying them two and a half times that amount. In the fourteen years since the Armistice we have paid the buddies $5,700,000,000, and by the year 2038, when the last World War pension should be over

and done with, we shall have paid to the heroes of 1918, to their parents, wives, and children, about eighty-two billion dollars more, on the basis of the present legislation. The Treasury can't stand it. In 1931 it had a billion-dollar deficit; in 1932 the deficit was three billions; and next June there will be another deficit of about two billions. As sure as the Lord made little green apple-sauce, we can't go on like that without wrecking the Treasury.

That's one side of the picture. The other side is just as convincing. We took these men in 1917 and 1918, when we needed them damned badly, and we used them regardless of expense to us or safety to their lives and limbs. Together with their immediate families they amount to nearly a fifth of the whole American nation. These are hard times, and when a man is out of work he doesn't particularly care where he can get food for his family so long as he gets it. There are now over a million and a half individuals on the pay roll of the Veterans' Bureau. With their families, they make up at least a tenth of the population. When you translate that into votes at an election, it's nothing to monkey with. So Congress, in act after act, has "liberalized" the pension laws until now any veteran of the Spanish-American War or the World War who has been even moderately disabled in civil life is entitled to a pension and to free hospital treatment. Under this system the Spanish War veterans alone are drawing down nearly $120,000,000 a year, while the World War heroes will be getting $800,000,000 a year by 1952 for injuries received ten, twenty, and thirty years after the World War came to an end.

There is little rhyme or reason to it. World War veterans are paid at the same rate whether they went overseas or stayed at home, and there are cases where the widow of a man who died facing German machine guns in the Argonne is drawing less than some husky boy who got in an automobile wreck on the Post Road celebrating the election of Herbert Hoover in 1928.

And there's no end to it. So far we have spent over eight and a half billions on pensions for the veterans of all wars prior to the World War, and by 1945 the veterans of the World War will have cost us as much as the war itself. We are still paying pensions to the widows of the War of 1812; we are paying nearly five hundred Mexican War pensions (which isn't bad for a war fought eighty-five years ago); and one hundred and seventy thousand Civil War pensions, including one to the *mother* of a Union soldier.

NEARLY two hundred and fifty thousand Spanish War pensions are being paid, while 1,145,116 World War veterans are on the pay roll. The case against pensions is unanswerable, speaking financially.

The case for pensions is just as unanswerable, speaking politically. When a man has worn our uniform and fought our battles, we owe him something over and above the thirty dollars per month we paid him to risk his life. Governments which show ingratitude to those who defend them don't last very long and congressmen who vote against generous treatment to veterans don't stay long in office.

It is both wise policy and good politics to take care of the veterans.

So here we have the old case of an irresistible force—the veterans—hitting an immovable object—the Treasury. In the laboratory this produces an explosion. In politics, however, it happens all the time and we call the result a compromise.

Here is the natural, human thing we must do if we are to avoid either wrecking the Treasury, ruining the taxpayer, or treating the veterans so shabbily that we cannot count on the unreserved loyalty of our people the next time we face a life-and-death struggle:

1. First of all, for every man who is killed in action or who dies of wounds or diseases contracted in the service, we must pay insurance, as in the last war, and provide for his widow and dependents.

2. Men who are disabled in action or incapacitated by wounds or disease contracted in service should be given free hospital treatment and allowances.

3. We should include all diseases, especially venereal diseases, among those for which compensation is due. It may not please the Nice Nellies to recognize it, but it is a fact that there was never an army in the world which did not suffer from venereal diseases and very few soldiers in active service who didn't have a chance to contract them. The Mademoiselle from Armentières was more than a song. However, Congress should vest the decision as to whether disability was contracted in the service in a medical board. We are paying millions of dollars today in compensation for diseases which are "presumed" by Act of Congress to have been contracted in the war. No sane medical man would indorse Congress as an expert on medicine, and neither should the taxpayer.

THAT takes care of the men who suffered real war injuries. There aren't so many of them that it would break the Treasury to take care of them. There remain, however, the great mass of veterans who can't point to any war injury as justification for a pension. These men have votes and they need money. If they become disabled they think that the government should take care of them. Nearly two thirds of the beds in our veterans' hospitals are occupied by men who suffered no injury in the war. Here's the practical way to handle it:

4. When a war veteran becomes the victim of complete disability—no matter what the cause—and is liable to become the object of charity, the government should step in. As it is, we are paying over one hundred million dollars for disability allowances to more than four hundred thousand World War veterans who came through the war without a scratch. If we looked after only those who are completely disabled we should be doing our plain duty. To look after the others is only a dole.

5. Finally there is old age. When a veteran becomes too old to work and is liable to become a public charge, we should place him in a soldiers' home or give him a pension. This is fair enough. We have always done it and we always will.

So there emerges what might be called the outline of a uniform pension policy for all who have worn our uniform. The greatest outlay to go to the dependents of those who die in the service; generous compensation for medically certified disabilities or wounds acquired in service; and care for all veterans who are totally disabled by the chances of civil life or by old age, in order to prevent any man who has served the country in wartime from becoming an object of charity.

That leaves no place for the bonus, it is true; but there are very few veterans who can honestly defend the bonus. It is on the books and the government must pay it; but the next time we have a war, the government should be warned and follow the example of the British, and pay to every man on discharge from the army a sum based on his length of service. It will be cheaper in the long run and we wouldn't have this miserable business of trying to think up a reasonable excuse for handing out $100,000,000 a year for twenty years simply because the boys want the money.

If you went through the veterans' legislation on this basis, you could cut at least $300,000,000 from the present cost without doing injustice to any man who fought for his country or was injured in its service.

And here's how it can be done. The greatest part of the demand for pensions and for the bonus comes not because of the war at all but because of the depression. The agitation of the veterans is really a demand for nothing else than unemployment relief. The average veteran is neither a panhandler nor a cheap grafter. He turns to the government for relief, not because he feels that the government owes it to him, but because he is in desperate need of money. There's not a man in the entire Veterans' Administration who doesn't admit that this is the case and not a congressman who doesn't realize it.

The only way we can make the veterans let up on the Treasury is to deal boldly and effectively with the problem of unemployment, and we are lucky enough to be able to do it. After the Civil War the government gave the free lands of the West to the Union veterans. Today the country is full of uncultivated fertile land on which in hundreds of cases it has proved possible to settle unemployed workers. We shall never solve the depression until we put more of our people back on the soil. Instead of paying terrific tax-supported pension bills, why don't we begin to put the unemployed veterans back on the land under homestead legislation which would secure them for twenty years against eviction, foreclosure, and tax sales? It would be both cheaper and more sensible to do this than to subsidize the unemployed veterans by "pensions," "disability allowances," and "disability compensation" which are nothing but doles.

IN other words, the veterans have got us all balled up on two entirely separate problems. One of these is what we ought to do for the veterans themselves. That is easy. Through a uniform pension policy we can cut the cost to the Treasury by one third or one half without injustice to a single wearer of the olive drab.

The other is the much bigger problem of relief. Unless we drag that out of the Veterans' Bureau into the open, we will find that the buddies will have used up all of the money needed to finance a system of permanent and self-supporting relief by putting our unemployed back on the land.

The veterans are costing us about a billion dollars a year. It's too much! We've either got to give the veterans a square deal and begin to solve the unemployment problem by putting unemployed veterans on the land, or the veterans will wreck the Treasury. There's no politician and no tax system able to withstand them. But, until we realize that we can't solve unemployment by giving the veterans a disguised dole, we are simply playing with fire, and learning by painful experience that war is the most expensive luxury to which a self-governing nation can blow itself. If we learn that lesson before the next time, the cost of pensions will be cheap at half the price.

THE END

HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?

If it's bad, you won't be welcome . . . Play safe . . . use Listerine

● How's your breath today? If it is bad, it will keep you out of things . . . it may mar friendship . . . kill off a romance . . . or jeopardize a business chance. *Don't let it do any of these things.*

Play safe . . . use Listerine, every morning and night and before social or business contacts. Listerine instantly renders your breath sweet, wholesome, and agreeable to others. It is the one reliable remedy for halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Everybody Has It

Fastidious as you may be, do not make the mistake of thinking that your breath is never bad. Halitosis spares no one, because it springs from such common causes as tiny bits of fermenting food particles on the teeth, unhealthy teeth or gums, and temporary or chronic infections of the nose, throat, and mouth. The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never realize when you have it.

Only Listerine Succeeds

Only by using Listerine can you be certain that your breath will not offend others. Cheap, ordinary mouth washes fail in 12 hours to conquer odors which Listerine gets rid of instantly. That has been shown again and again by strict laboratory and clinical tests.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Rinse the mouth with it before social and business engagements. It cleanses and invigorates the entire oral cavity and leaves you with a feeling of confidence and assurance. *You know your breath is right.* Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE INSTANTLY ENDS HALITOSIS (BAD BREATH)

The Depression Isn't So Bad if You Have the Right Wife

Scared *into* Paradise

Mary heard a small sound in the hall and went to see what it was. Inside the door Peter stood.

(Reading time: 24 minutes 20 seconds.)

MARY lay on the couch reading the evening paper and waiting for Peter's step in the hall. A great deal depended on the tempo of those steps just now. If Peter burst open the door with his usual effect of having been blown in upon a high wind and shouted his greetings in tones which must certainly annoy the neighbors, that meant an ordinarily good day. If, however, Peter came in quietly—

The hall door opened so noiselessly that she did not know Peter was home until he said, "Hello, Bunny," quite casually. Her heart sank. "Hello, darling!" she called out. "Home nice and early, aren't you?"

Peter smiled carefully at her when he came in. "How's the child-wife?" he asked her, just as usual. He looked very tired, Mary thought.

Mary crossed to sit on the hassock in front of his chair. "You're tired, aren't you?" His poor attempt at a smile made her throat hurt. "What is the matter?"

"Well, Bunny, it's just that it's up to me to start looking for a job, I guess. One more pay check maybe."

"But, darling," Mary protested, "they only cut you last week. They wouldn't bother to do that if they were going to fire you."

"That was last week. They've had a dozen schemes since then. No, sweet, I'm on the skids now. I feel it."

Mary drew a little breath. "Oh, if you only *feel* it," she said, relieved. "You've felt that way off and on for a year! I thought something had happened."

"It's more than a feeling. This time I'm sure of it. Why should Hemphill and old Maxwell stop talking the minute I came into the conference room today? Why did Hemp tell me to leave my report because he had things he wanted to go over with Maxwell? He never did that to me before."

"You're an old pessimist," Mary told him, rumpling his hair affectionately. "Come on in to dinner."

After dinner they played parchesi as usual. Peter seemed to have lost most of his depression. But Mary kept thinking about Peter, jobless and tramping the streets.

At last, when Peter threw doubles and sent one of her little yellow wooden men back to start over for the fourth time, she burst into tears.

She did not, of course, explain that suddenly the small wooden counter had turned before her eyes into a small, shabby Peter, trudging home each night, snubbed and conquered and patiently starting in again each day.

Breakfast next morning was gay. Mary, crisp and efficient in absurd gingham pyjamas, made the muffins herself, relegating the less important tasks of orange-squeezing and table-setting to Medora.

When Peter bemoaned his inability to eat a fourth muffin, she was insistent. "Better eat while you can."

By

NANCY BARNES

Illustrated by EDGAR MCGRAW

He left, and another long day began for Mary. She wandered restlessly from room to room, trying to keep out of Medora's way and wishing she had something to do; something hard.

The sun shone brightly and leaning from the bathroom window she discovered a crisp, springlike breeze, as out of place in January as she was in an apartment hotel on Fifth Avenue.

SHE remembered those first years when she and Peter were just starting out. The grass behind their gimcrack little bungalow on Long Island had been so green. Hanging out clothes on bright crisp mornings like this one made you feel so busy and useful and important. Taking them in was even better; you gathered the stiff blowing things in one arm and took out the clothespins with the other hand and your face got buried in that lovely, lovely smell. Suddenly she actually smelled that clean, soapy, sunshiny fragrance.

Mary shook herself and came back. She might wash out a few things in the bathroom if she felt so energetic as all that, she told herself critically. She bustled around and hunted out some stockings and her best French underwear. Medora had to show her where the fine soap was kept, and somehow, after that, her energy evaporated. It was rather silly to be doing Medora's work; futile, really.

Peter came bursting in that night in quite his old fashion. His kiss was exuberant. He made her march in front of him, his hands on her waist. "How's my girl?" he asked her. And "Had a good day, sweet?" Mary twisted about in his arms and her serious look made him stop short.

"*Tell* me, Peter," she commanded. "What happened?"

Peter looked puzzled. "What do you mean, what happened?" Then he remembered. His shout of laughter felt like a blow in her face. "Wait till you hear! Know what those two were talking about? Guess!"

Mary sat down hard and gazed at him. He thought it was funny, did he? "What are you talking about?" she asked coldly.

Peter sobered instantly. "Were you frightened, darling?" His voice was all contrition. He sat down beside her on the couch and put his arms around her.

"Hemp told me today. It seems his wife is going to have a baby and he is scared stiff; wanted to talk to Maxwell about it. Being the father of five, he figured Maxwell might give him a few pointers." Peter's dark face was alight with amusement. "Wasn't I an ass?" he marveled. "I don't see why I *get* like that. Everything's swell, Bunny dear. Johnson-Davis signed up today and we got a big order from Hamilton. I really think," he said brightly, "that better times are just round the corner!"

THE rest of the week went pretty well. Peter seemed busy and confident and Mary lost a little of her feeling of helpless waiting. She called Louise and had lunch with her on Tuesday, and on Thursday Zoë and she went shopping together.

Louise seemed worried, though she insisted that nothing was really wrong. She wished they did not have to sign their lease for another year.

"Why don't you move?" Mary asked her. "Of course you'd miss having the penthouse and a view, but what of it?"

Louise shook her head. "Edward won't give it up. It's his standards," she explained obscurely. "He says one daren't lower one's standards of living; it's bad for the morale." She gazed at Mary without expression for a long minute and then they both laughed.

"Men are the limit," Mary said.

Zoë was flippant, as usual. "Got to get caught up on my shopping," she said over the telephone. "Better come along. I haven't a darned thing to buy, of course, and no money to buy it if I wanted anything; but we can pick some things out and I can always send them back for credit the next day. After all, shopping's the only occupation I've got; I can't afford to get rusty."

She bought two dresses and some opera pumps. The dresses, Mary knew, were much too charming ever to be sent back. Zoë would keep them and wear them and curse when the bills came in.

"They're a necessity," she told Mary seriously. "A girl can't be seen going around drinking in her old clothes; it makes a bad impression. They know my red lace in every speakeasy on Forty-fifth Street. It's bad for Bob's prestige. Any minute, now, they'll stop cashing his checks."

"Peter says things are going to be better this year," Mary offered dubiously.

Zoë grunted. "I don't care much whether they're any better," she said, "but I hope they won't be so damned dull." . . .

It was on Friday that Peter saw the efficiency expert.

"But how do you *know*, Peter?" Mary questioned him.

"Written all over him," Peter said gloomily. "The bankers have been threatening us with one for a year. This bird was gum-shoeing around the accounting department with a little notebook." Peter slid down in his big chair and contemplated his shoes darkly. "I'll be the first to hear from him. I'm the highest-paid man in the place except the president; therefore I'm the biggest expense! They'll hire a fifty-a-week salesman who can't possibly do my work and call it economy."

Mary took her courage in both hands and plunged. She said, "Darling, since we *know* it's only a question of time until you are out of work, don't you think we ought to do something about it in advance?"

"Of course we should," Peter agreed. "Let's see a show for a start," he suggested flippantly. "We ought to get caught up while we can. Not that I don't think I can make money any time. I can. Why, only yesterday—"

"Listen, Petah," Mary's voice was coaxing. "I mean don't you think it would be only smart if we started trying to cut down a little? This rent, for instance."

"Can't do anything about that," Peter assured her. "You couldn't break that lease with an ax."

"But if we told them we couldn't pay?"

"Not a chance. Business isn't run like that, baby. They'd attach my salary, and if I didn't have one they'd attach my bank account."

"I don't believe it. Mr. Oxford seemed so nice."

PETER laughed. "He wouldn't seem so nice in a court room, darling, taking our last cent away from us. That's only business."

Mary tried again. "Maybe we could sublet," she offered, not very hopefully.

Peter was scornful about that. "Find anyone to pay two fifty a month rent in these parlous days! Sweet, they broke that mold when they made us. Besides," he dismissed it, "I like this place. I wish you wouldn't act as though we had one foot in the poorhouse, Mary." He was beginning to tire of home finance, Mary knew from his tone. "That's the way with a woman. I oughtn't to tell you a thing, the way you get frightened and start running about aimlessly. We'll be all right. I never let you down yet, did I?"

"Of course not," Mary told him soothingly. . . .

Saturday Mary stayed in all day because Peter might need her. He did not, of course. He hadn't needed her since he started making real money, she told herself bitterly. He could get what he got from their home in any first-class hotel in town. That made her laugh a little. Maybe, she admitted, really first-class hotels did not include pleasant feminine companionship with their apartments, but that was a detail. She was so dull by the time he did get home that she did not much care whether the efficiency expert had got him or not. If he had, it might at least be a change.

She was even less amused this time when Peter explained about that. The efficiency expert had turned out to be an insurance agent just trying to make a living selling a little insurance to the bookkeeper.

"I guess I'm the prize viewer-with-alarm," Peter admitted, "but this bird did look suspicious to me. I hope it didn't worry you, sweet."

"Oh, not at all," Mary said with vicious politeness. "If it relieves your feelings to tell me these things, make use of me by all means!"

Peter, it seemed, did not care very much for just that interpretation of his confidences. "I don't tell you to relieve my feelings. I want you to be prepared for anything, as I am. It's better to expect the worst and be ready to meet it than to be taken by surprise. You don't realize, darling, just how precarious everything is just now!"

Breakfast was gay. Mary made the muffins herself. "Better eat while you can," she reminded Peter.

In the days that followed it seemed to Mary that she did little else but realize how precarious things were. Sometimes the uncertainty of their future gave her an intoxicated feeling of freedom. If Peter did not have to go to the office every day, if they did not have a position to keep up, if they could be together again, really together, as they used to be when they were poor and young and she a partner rather than a decoration, why, life might begin again for her. They might simply walk out and leave all these dull grown-up things, like apartments and furniture and bank accounts, and be irresponsible; take the car and drive off and never come back.

These times were rare; panic came oftener. If Peter had no job, if money stopped coming in and rent and food bills went on, what did one *do?* She knew, at last, lying awake while Peter slept exhaustedly beside her, what they *should* do; made, even, small surreptitious efforts toward doing it. She had to. To have to sit and wait and wonder and do nothing was maddening. To one of her temperament swift action must always follow decision. Now, realization of her impulsiveness alarmed her. *What* would Peter say when he knew? He did so resent a managing woman. And his temper these days was uncertain. He seemed busy and confident, but an unguarded word, a worried question from her, showed Mary more than once how shaky that equilibrium of his was.

Things at the office got better; they got worse; they improved surprisingly, and Peter began to talk about a

new car in the spring. He went to the Automobile Show and came home enthusiastic.

The next day he lost his job. It was as sudden as that.

Mary heard a small sound in the hall that night and went to see what it was. Just inside the door Peter stood. He stood so quietly that Mary cried out and ran to him. She thought he had been hurt or was ill.

"What *is* it, darling?" Her arms went round him, and he buried his head in her shoulder for a moment like a small, tired child. Then he straightened, and his effort at jauntiness almost broke her heart.

"WELL, Bunny, it happened," he said hardily. He laughed, and at the sound tears made a lump in her throat. "My sweet, you see before you a free man. Because of the depression—there *is* a depression it seems, had you heard?—the management is regretfully compelled to dispense with my valuable services." He shrugged off his coat and hung it carefully in the hall closet. "Oh, well! We knew it was coming."

Suddenly Mary saw that he had not known at all. He had never honestly believed all the things he had been telling her; they had not once been real to him.

"Of course we did," she said then. "Heaven knows it's a relief to have it over. *Now* you can do some of the things you really want to do."

She followed him into the living room, every nerve tense, every sense alert, watchful. She must be very careful. To be too cheerful would be ghastly; to be too sympathetic, dangerous. Oh, God, for the sense to say and do the right thing now!

Peter sat down very carefully in his big chair. He lit a cigarette and laid the match quite straight in the ash tray. All his movements seemed calculated, painfully thought out. When he looked up at her Mary saw that his eyes were bright as if with fever.

She smiled at him. "Aren't you relieved, Peter?" she asked him. "It must be heaven to get that strain off your mind. Now maybe you can get down to that article on merchandising you've been threatening to do and not doing for months. Oh, Petah, isn't it going to be fun to be free a while?"

Peter did not hear her. It was as though she had not spoken at all. He stared at her, and when he caught her eye he smiled mechanically. Mary felt tears rushing to her eyes and fought them down. She must not cry, she must not. She wanted to take him in her arms and hold him and make him realize how sorry she was for him; how she understood his feeling of humiliation and defeat, but she dared not. Somehow she knew that if he broke now, before her, he could never quite get back his picture of himself.

"Dinner's good tonight," she said in a matter-of-fact voice. She handed him the paper and went to the kitchen. There she shook cocktails vigorously, came to the doorway shaking them and talked to Peter as he turned the pages of the paper in that blind way he had developed lately. She talked about the war news from China; told him that Zoë had a cold, and that Louise had seen a new movie thriller and she had been in bed ever since; that her father had written that he had shot the biggest bear ever brought out of the Rockies. She poured the cocktails and went on talking until it seemed to her that her voice had been going on for hours. Peter smiled, showed interest, shook his head over Louise's nerves, asked pleasant questions about the bear and, Mary realized with despair, knew not one word she said.

AS soon as Medora had cleared the table and brought coffee Mary set out the parchesi board.

"Have to keep the little woman amused," she said. "I'm going to trounce you, my lad. You've been altogether too cocky of late."

Peter set down his coffee cup quietly. "You've put on a swell act, Mary," he said; "but what are we going to *do?* We've got to think. At least, I've got to. Just be patient with me, dear. I can't be playing games; I've got to work things out." He brushed his hand across his forehead with a tired gesture. "I can't seem to see straight at all," he said. "I'm all confused."

"Of course you are," Mary agreed easily. "Being fired must be an unsettling experience; especially the first time. You'll get all cleared up and keener than ever after a few weeks in the country."

She shook the dice cup and threw the dice out on the table. Her hand, she noticed, was shaking. "We'll just settle down and play a little golf and fix up the house and have fun for a while," she went on carefully, "and then you'll be ready to come into town and lick the world again."

"I suppose you know what you're talking about?" Peter's tone was wearily polite.

Rummaging through the desk drawer with shaking hands Mary pretended to hunt for the snapshots; found them miraculously where they had been waiting for days, and offered them to Peter. "I'm being casual and nonchalant because it's a surprise, Peter dear," she said. "It's our new house. Please be surprised."

"Don't fool, Bunny," Peter said unsmiling. "You know we can't get out of our lease here."

Mary folded her hands tightly together in her lap. God, don't let him be angry, she prayed. Don't let him think I'm officious and bossy.

"We *are* out." She cleared her throat and rushed headlong into speech. "Our lease is canceled—or almost; the apartment is sublet; we've a grand new house and can move whenever you say."

At Peter's look of bewilderment she laughed shakily. "I'm not raving, darling," she assured him. "Look at the house. Isn't it nice?" She pursed her lips, head on

one side. "A little rococo perhaps," she said judiciously, "but what would you? It represents the taste of the Italian owner and all his relatives. He built it for himself and it *is* comfortable. After all, Petah, a psuedo-Spanish bungalow, built by an Italian builder on the Jersey Palisades and full of purple-tiled bathrooms and ceiling lights made of gold grape leaves, could be amusing, couldn't it? If it were only for a very short time," she urged him, "couldn't it be a sort of joke?"

"What have you done, Mary?" Peter's voice was stern and worried.

"Don't be pompous!" Mary squeezed herself into the big chair beside him and snuggled against his inhospitable arm. Be coy; be kittenish, even, she told herself tensely; but don't be capable and bossy.

"You see," she began, "it was like this: Every time you scared me, I did something. You said to—" she broke off to remind him—"you said to be prepared. So when Mr. Hemphill's wife was going to have the baby, I called Mr. Oxford. He was darling, Peter. He said if we couldn't pay two fifty, how much *could* we pay? I got all helpless and feminine and said how could people pay anything if they lost their income? He said folks must stand together these times, and could we pay a hundred and fifty? I said I'd ask you, but I didn't want to worry you. It's no use talking about things until they happen, I think.

"Next time you scared me I called Peggy." At Peter's start she interrupted herself. "Don't be silly. I didn't tell her a thing. I just talked to her about the baby and her new house, and she told me about this little place across the street that was for rent for almost nothing. The owner is an Italian builder who got rich and went back to Naples; started in carrying a hod and wanted to go back and impress the home folks I guess. Petah, please be a little excited, can't you? The house is sweet. You'll love it, it's so absurd."

At her anxious tone Peter's set face softened a trifle. "Go *on*, idiot," he said. "What about this apartment?"

"That was the catch in it," Mary admitted. "But then I met the old lady on the bus, and *then*, of course, it was all right. She came home with me to tea and she loved this apartment, so she'll take it and we can move whenever you sign things. There's such a lot to sign, Peter, you'd never believe it," she finished childishly.

"I should indeed," Peter told her. "But what old lady? What bus? You can't rent apartments to strange women on busses, baby."

"You can. And she isn't strange; she's a grand old person. You see, Peter, we got talking—you know, the way you do—"

"I know the way *you* do," Peter said, grinning. "Just the little friend of all the world, that's my Bunny. You can't take the country out of the girl, try as you will. Well, you got talking—"

MARY drew a deep breath. Her spine stopped tingling and the white spot in her stomach went away. Peter was amused; it was going to be all right; he wasn't going to be masculine and proud and stupid.

"We got talking," she agreed, "because she dropped her glove and I picked it up for her. She was so grateful not to have lost it, because they were Paris gloves and she said she had just come from there, so I asked her about things, because, you know, I'm dying to go there. She seemed to like telling me."

"I know." Peter nodded. "I know that wide-eyed listening look of yours. It's your specialty."

"Silly, I *am* interested. Well, she has been living in a hotel, but she wants a place where she can have her own things around her. So—that's all, dear. Isn't it nice?"

"As simple as that?" Peter shook his head. "And when she jumps her rent, we're stuck with two places. Business isn't done like that, Bunny."

Mary said seriously, "I know, Peter. Mr. Oxford talked just like that, but then he looked her up and he was most impressed. It seems she's *the* Mrs. Brown. Isn't that nice for us? I don't know what Mrs. Brown, but he does, so it's all right. She's evidently a better risk than we, my sweet, because he's willing to release us and let her sign the lease instead. So as soon as you do all these strange signings of things," she gestured vaguely, "it's all settled."

Peter lay back in his chair weakly. "I give up," he said. "It's beyond me; I can't take it in. My mind's a whirl of old ladies on busses, and Spanish cottages and Italian builders with hods. After all the milk of human kindness you've discovered about lately, I gather the neighbors feed us when we get to this baroque paradise on the Palisades?"

"We live on lettuce and ideas." At the bewilderment in his face, Mary giggled. "Plain living and high thinking, Petah darling." His impatient movement warned her that he had little sympathy with fooling at the moment.

"Don't you remember that green organdie dress with the little fluted ruffles that you always said looked like fresh, crisp lettuce leaves? Peter! Don't tell me you've forgotten the night you got your first raise and you came home and I had on the lettuce dress!"

"So what?"

HIS sharp question brought quick tears into her eyes. They had been so happy together that night, so excited and gay, that she had carried the evening in her memory like a bright small picture. And Peter had forgotten. She blinked back her tears and told herself not to be emotional. Men simply *were* like that.

"You *don't* remember," she accused as lightly as she could manage. "I had on the lettuce dress and you slipped my allowance check down my neck, and when I looked at it there was thirty-five dollars more than I'd ever had before. You'd had a raise and you'd given it all to me. I said it was too much and what would I do with it; and *you* said it was to buy extra lettuce leaves to dress up a Bunny. So I just kept putting it away; thirty-five dollars every month mounts up!"

"You've saved thirty-five dollars every month for five years?" Peter said incredulously. "How *could* you?"

"Why couldn't I when you've been more generous every year? Even the greediest rabbit can have more lettuce leaves than she can eat—I mean—wear—" She flapped her hands helplessly. "I seem to be a bit confused," she admitted; "but, anyway, the money's in the savings bank. I've been saving it for something big; something I wanted most in the world when I found out what it was. I've found out. This is it."

Peter held her away from him and looked at her as though he were seeing her for the first time. Something in his expression made up to her for his forgetting about the green dress. She was used to seeing admiration in his eyes when she looked pretty, but this was different; admiration, yes; but something more. Respect? Whatever it was, she found it intoxicating.

"You're—there aren't any words for you, dear," Peter said huskily. But he was cautious to the last, as though he dared not trust good news these days. "We can't live forever on that, child."

"We won't have to. You've forgotten the ideas. What about those articles on merchandising you've been wanting to write for years? I *know* you're no author, Petah; I've your letters to prove it." She grinned at him, wrinkling her nose until he kissed it. "But I've been through

NEXT WEEK—

BEGINNING

WOMAN IN THE DARK

A New Novel of Dangerous Romance

By

DASHIELL HAMMETT

Also stories and articles by Tex O'Reilly and Lowell Thomas—Charles Divine—Crown Prince Wilhelm of Germany—Elinor Smith — Jerome Barry — Colonel Frank E. Evans, U. S. M. C.

all those dull trade magazines you take, and they don't want authors. Ideas seem to be what count. I checked up and found they don't pay awfully well, but we won't need much. We'll get along. You'll see."

Mary's confidence wasn't assumed now. She really felt it. With Peter interested, really listening to her, not just enduring her chatter as he had these last months, anything was possible. She had a feeling of togetherness, as if they were two against the world again, that she hadn't had since those first days of marriage. She went on planning, her voice gaining assurance with every word.

"With only fifty-a-month rent we can live beautifully until you find exactly what you want to do; the right job this time, mind! Not just a makeshift that you have to take so that we can live. You'll be free to choose and wait for a job you like and believe in. How much money have you?"

"With today's check, about five hundred. Why?"

"Tomorrow, first thing, you buy a new suit; a really good one. I don't want any shabby tramps in my new house. Better get some golf balls too."

Peter sat up, his eyes shining. "Gosh, that's right, there's a good course right near Peggy's, isn't there? And we can get the old car out of hock—"

"There's a garage under the house," Mary put in.

"And maybe I could take a week or two and just putter around; not *have* to do a thing." Peter turned and put his arms around her, burying his face in her neck. His long sigh was almost a sob. "I've been tired so long, darling.

"I know it's weak, but it's such a relief just to give up and let you manage. You're so silly and impulsive and lucky, you darling. Go ahead, ruin us! Only you won't, you know. You'll come out on top and never even know how you did it."

His voice trailed off and the room was very quiet. Mary held him, shrugging her shoulder softly until his head seemed more comfortable. She felt as if she had run a hard race, or as if she had done one of those big washings she had been yearning to do.

Peter pressed his cheek more closely against her shoulder.

"I never dreamed I'd really lose my job," he mumbled.

Mary smoothed his dark hair softly. "And I never dared to dream I'd get mine back," her thoughts answered him.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—By what name was the area now comprising Vermont formerly called?

2—What is the meaning of the term episcopal?

3—Who was Jean Valjean?

4—From whence is derived the word Ottoman as applied to Turkey?

5—Was Baron Munchausen a real person?

6—How many pounds are equivalent to the English "stone"?

7—Who was the author of the phrase "Beauty is but skin-deep"?

8—What were the names of the three wise men who followed the star to Bethlehem?

9—What contemporary novelist was formerly a dentist?

10—Which country is larger, Brazil or the United States?

11—Where is the Taj Mahal?

12—What is a peculiarity of tailor birds?

13—What is the welkin?

14—How long did Noah live after the Flood?

15—Where is there a lake of asphalt?

16—Who invented dynamite?

17—Of what part of the world was the potato a native?

18—To what animal is the okapi closely related?

19—What is the distinguishing feature of a nargile as compared to ordinary pipes?

20—What is sidereal time?

(Answers will be found on page 37)

QUESTION—What two factors in cod-liver oil help build up people who are under par? *(See page 37 for answer.)*

Many people put all the blame for common ills on

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CHILLING WINDS
OVERHEATED ROOMS

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★

They make the mistake of thinking bad weather and stuffy indoor living are entirely to blame for their troubles at this time of year.

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SQUIBB ADEX Tablets-10 D

The vitamins of cod-liver oil in a pleasant new form

The TRUTH

(Reading time: 25 minutes 55 seconds.)

By

CROWN PRINCE WILHELM OF GERMANY

AFTER years of relative obscurity in exile and later in a republican Germany, the Crown Prince is now again a personage of world importance through the logic of political events. At Liberty's invitation he has written for it exclusively the series of reminiscences, amounting to self-revelations, of which this is the second. It is evident that he is well aware of the hatred that was concentrated on him in wartime, and hopes to dissipate whatever may be left of it.

In the first article of the series, in Liberty last week, he noted with satisfaction the explosion, by revisionist historians in America as elsewhere, of the anti-German "war guilt" theory. On their side, the Germans were beginning, he said, to see that Woodrow Wilson, so long regarded by them as a sinister betrayer, had put forth his Fourteen Points in good faith. He told of having questioned two American prisoners of war about their country's reasons for entering the conflict, and of having received answers which to his mind typified, one our materialistic and the other our idealistic motives.

He denied having thrown away the lives of his men before Verdun, and paid a tribute to the heroism and will to win of all the German troops throughout the war.

Turning to might-have-beens, he recalled two crises that had compelled him to make fateful decisions. The first arose six years before the war, when his father offered privately to relinquish the throne to him. Of the second, which came just before the Armistice, he now proceeds to give a detailed account.

Part Two—He Submits to Exile

ON the 8th of November, 1918, I received a summons from my father to rejoin him at Spa. This message could forebode only evil. I motored to Spa along autumnal and desolate roads as barren of flowers as my heart was of hope.

Negotiations were going on between General Headquarters and the capital. The Berlin government insisted upon the Emperor's abdication as the only way to escape civil war.

Every minute brought more discouraging news.

The atmosphere was thick with gloom when we gathered at lunch with my father. That lunch will remain forever one of the nightmares of my life. No one could eat a crumb. No one had the heart for conversation. The flowers that decorated the table only emphasized the ghastliness of the occasion. It was not a luncheon. It was a wake—the wake of an empire.

Shortly after the luncheon, we received the news of the *coup d'état* of Prince Max of Baden which deprived my father and me of the throne of Prussia and of the Imperial crown. The Prince, resigning his post as Imperial Chancellor, proclaimed himself "regent," while Ebert, the Socialist leader, assumed the Chancellorship.

My father was ashen gray when he told me and my chief of staff, Schulenburg, what had happened. We protested vehemently, urging him not to permit himself to be tricked in this fashion. I offered to suppress the revolution and to restore order. Schulenburg joined my entreaties. Our first objective was Cologne, which had been seized by a handful of Reds.

The Kaiser, paler than ever, shook his head:

"No; there must be no war of Germans against Germans!"

His mind was made up to remain with his army. "And," he insisted, "I shall not give up Prussia."

It was with this understanding that I left him to rejoin my Fifth Army, where urgent work awaited me. Little did I know when I said good-by to my father that I would not feel the pressure of his hand again for a year.

Our next encounter was as exiles on foreign soil.

I was not present when, finally, yielding to the *fait accompli* and to the urgent solicitation of Field Marshal von Hindenburg, aided by General Groener, his Majesty decided to sacrifice himself and his crown in order to purchase a just peace for Germany. At five o'clock in the morning of November 10 a special train took my father across the border, while a special courier brought to me this historical letter:

My dear Boy:

Inasmuch as the Field Marshal cannot guarantee my safety here and will not assume responsibility for the reliability of the troops, I have decided, after a hard inner struggle, to leave the disorganized army. Berlin is totally lost; it is in the hands of the Socialists. Two governments have been formed, one with Ebert as Chancellor, and one by the Independents.

I urge you to hold out at your post and keep the troops together until they start their march home. God willing, I trust we shall meet again. General von Marschall will give you additional information.

Your deeply afflicted father,

Wilhelm.

The 9th of November seems to be for us what the ides of March were for Cæsar.

It was on the night of November 9 in 1908 that the storm in every editorial ink bottle rose against my father because of the interview in the Daily Telegraph.

It was the 9th of November, some years later, that a storm rose against me because I applauded in the Reichstag certain opponents of the pusillanimous policy advocated by von Bethmann-Hollweg.

And it was on the 9th of November that, deserted by all save a handful of his most faithful officers, my father was persuaded to leave the soil of his country.

Ludendorff had resigned at the end of October. After his resignation the red rash of mutiny began to spread. It had not yet infected the fighters at the front. My men never deserted their columns.

Ragged and hungry, haggard and war-worn, my troops withdrew in full discipline to the Meuse. Here we expected to make our halt. No one considered a surrender. We shortened our lines, but we avoided the appearance of a precipitate retreat while negotiations for an armistice were going on.

My hope as well as my father's that I would be permitted to lead my army home was thwarted by the decision of the new government. In order to remain in touch with Berlin, I decided to go to the headquarters of the Third Army, which was in closer communication with

About My Life

The Emperor's Sacrifice—Farewell to the Army—Holland and Hatred—Father and Son—The Empress Goes Home—Back from a Dutch Elba

With inhabitants of Wieringen, neighbors of his.

The Crown Prince, in exile at Wieringen, works as a blacksmith.

the capital. Here for anxious hours I awaited the decision of the new rulers.

I had difficulty in finding the Third Army headquarters. By now everything was in confusion and motion. The roads were thick with stragglers unwilling to rejoin their units.

Some ragamuffins stopped my car. I got out and gave them a piece of my mind. I did not mince words. When I was through, they saluted politely and expressed their willingness to "carry on." It would not have taken much resolution to bring the wavering masses everywhere back to their senses. Of course they would have grumbled. We Germans always grumble. But grumbling or no grumbling, we do our duty. Unfortunately, there was no one who had both the determination and the power to halt the process of dissolution.

Deprived of my command, I was no longer in the position to wield any influence. My continued presence in the country at that time would have made me the nucleus of futile civil strife. It would have invalidated my father's sacrifice. I was willing to spill German blood to save the country, not to save my throne. A counter-revolution at this time would have doomed Germany to a hostile invasion. The only road before me was exile. I bade farewell to my staff and issued my last army order:

A horseshoe made by the Crown Prince in exile.

Since his Majesty the Emperor has laid down the supreme command, I, too, am compelled through circumstances, now that the arms are at rest, to retire from the leadership of my army group. I can only thank my brave armies and every individual soldier from the bottom of my heart for their heroic courage, their readiness to sacrifice themselves, the resignation with which they have looked every danger in the face, and the privations which they have borne, in good or evil days, for the Fatherland. The army group has not been vanquished by enemy forces. It is the victim of hunger and deprivation. Proudly, with heads unbowed, my army can leave the soil of France, won with the best German blood. Their escutcheon, their soldierly honor, is pure and without blemish. Let everyone see to it that it will remain so both here and later on home.

For four long years I was privileged to share victory as well as suffering with my armies; for four long years I have given myself whole-heartedly and entirely to my faithful troops. Profoundly moved, I bid farewell to them today and bow my head before the overwhelming greatness of their deeds, deeds which history will recite in words of flame to later generations.

Be faithful to your leaders as you have been to me until the order comes which shall set you free for wife and child, for home and hearth.

God be with you and with our German Fatherland.

The Commander in Chief, WILHELM,
Crown Prince of the German Empire and of Prussia.

Illustration by
CHARLES DE FEO

In the beginning the villagers looked upon me more or less as an incarnation of the devil himself.

I put myself on record in letters to Field Marshal von Hindenburg, to various government officials, and to my comrades in arms. In my letter to Hindenburg I pointed out my decision to take up residence abroad for the present, in spite of the fact that every fiber of my heart tugged at me to remain at home.

I indicated that, accusations to the contrary notwithstanding, I had never been a champion of war. Both by word of mouth and in documents which are part of the archives of the General Staff and the Foreign Office, I had urged the government to end the war in 1916, in 1917, and again in 1918.

I emphasized again and again in message after message that Germany, whose war was wholly defensive, could be well content if she preserved her *status quo* against the entire world. For us stalemate was victory.

I reminded the Field Marshal that, as far as home politics were concerned, I had never opposed a liberal modification of our basic law. I had communicated to this effect with Prince Max von Baden only a few days before the debacle. But my voice was not heeded. Heir to the throne though I was, I was completely ignored. I requested the Field Marshal to note my protest against this violation of my rights, my person, and my claims.

Then, accompanied by my aids, Mueldner, Mueller, and Zobeltitz, I crossed the Dutch border at Vroenhoven.

THE news of my arrival spread like wildfire. The population, which was wholly Belgian in sympathy, cried: "The Huns have come! The Crown Prince!"

I found a temporary shelter in Hillenraadt Castle, which belonged to Count Metternich. It took the Dutch government ten days to make up its mind how to dispose of me. Then I was told that the island of Wieringen had been assigned to me as my residence.

No one in Holland had ever heard of the island.

When we finally located Wieringen on the map, we had difficulty in reaching our destination because the small steamer that connected the island with the mainland had sprung a leak in the stormy weather.

To me all the experience through which I passed seemed like a hideous dream. Only a few days ago my troops had hailed me with tumultuous applause. Now—

Bloody but unbowed, we Germans could well say, as I did, that we were unbeaten by enemy arms.

Three pictures appear again and again before my mental eye. August, 1914, after the battle of Longwy. On every street field-gray hosts marching with joyous shouts against the beaten enemy. Even the wounded and the dying gasped, "Hurray! Forward to victory!"

Then comes the period of trench warfare. I see sober faces, embittered and hardened. But when I talk to my soldiers they invariably cry out: "We *shall* carry on! We *must* win out!" Year after year they stood guard at the western front. Year after year the enemy vainly attempted to make a dent in this living wall.

And then, in the fall of 1918, I see the decimated ranks of our soldiers, desperate, hollow-cheeked, bedraggled, in torn uniforms. Little is left of the old enthusiasm. The old assurance of victory is gone. The step of the soldiers is heavy. Their carriage betrays their fatigue. But out of their eyes flashes the courage of despair, unbeatable defiance, contemptuous of death, with fierce anger over the tribulations visited upon their country.

It was this vision that sustained me in exile and affliction.

French, American, and English balloons and airplanes had bombarded our lines with their propaganda. From Switzerland disloyalty and treason, financed with British and American money, had crept into Germany. Many of our people believed in the false promise of the rainbow with Fourteen Points painted by Woodrow Wilson in the international skies.

Our enemies had cut off our means of communication, seized our cables, and placed a seal on our wireless stations. This I knew. I did not know how inadequately our case had been placed before the neutral world. I had not realized the full force of Allied propaganda. The heart of the world had been poisoned against us.

WHEN I entered Holland I carried the invisible load of the hate against me created by false and lurid atrocity tales. For years the cleverest cartoonists in the pay of the enemy had portrayed me as a cross between Jack the Ripper and a laughing hyena. Some of their pictures had reached me. But it had never occurred to me that sane men whose own fate was not involved in the struggle could swallow such concoctions.

Shocked and amazed by the hostile gestures and by the insults that were hurled at me by the populace, I walked like a wanderer in a heavy fog who is beset on every side by poisonous arrows. But yesterday I had looked upon myself as a prince and an officer doing his duty. Now I suddenly found myself looked upon as a bloodthirsty rake, a thief, and a baby-killer.

My banishment to Wieringen evoked serious protests in that little island. It seemed unfair to those honest fishermen that the Dutch government should have forced upon them a moral leper, a war criminal, and a fiend who had amused himself with French cocottes while driving

his own countrymen to their death! Lies growing hoary by repetition put the truth to flight. Base inventions begotten by war psychosis stalk me even today. Some may pass into history.

The vicarage placed at my disposal by the Dutch government was a hut consisting of three rooms, an old iron stove without coal, and an oil lamp without oil. A few chairs, a table, a wardrobe, and a bed constituted the only furniture. Here, then, I was forced to live, surrounded by disgruntled villagers and by a swarm of curious reporters.

Of my three companions, two returned to Germany because there was no room for them in my small abode; one, Major von Mueldner, remained with me. We had no end of difficulty in securing domestic help, because in the beginning the villagers looked upon me more or less as an incarnation of the devil himself. It was only by slow degrees that I overcame their distrust.

ONCE the natives of Wieringen realized that they have been duped by pernicious propaganda, they did everything in their power to make my stay pleasant. They invited me to their little houses. They offered me now a cup of cocoa, now a glass of rum. I learned to understand their language and their ways. I played with their children and I amused myself by making charcoal portraits and water-color sketches of them, their little houses, and their domestic beasts. I discussed with them the price of cattle, of seaweed and fish.

Wieringen is Dutch for seaweed. For seaweed is, or was, the chief source of income to the little island. I came to have a genuine liking for these hard-working Dutch fishermen. I knew their little secrets and their little tragedies. In a dozen of their humble parlors my sketches occupy a place of honor. I added a touch of art to their simple lives and they gave me in turn their human affection.

The burgomaster especially became my friend. Whenever I had visitors for whom there was no room in my small house, he offered me the hospitality of his household. In time my abode became habitable. I managed to buy a few pieces of furniture; friends sent my glasses and plates and other little things that I needed for my comfort.

My bookshelf grew to considerable dimensions, for books began to arrive from every part of the world. I read more books in the first year of my exile in Wieringen than I had in the preceding thirty-six years of my life.

The evenings dragged on interminably. In the beginning, especially when the coal stove failed to function, it was so cold that we went to bed perforce at nine to keep warm. I no longer wore the uniform to which I had been accustomed all my life. A pull-over protected me from the cold, while the famous Dutch wooden shoes clattered at my feet.

The newspapers were very depress-

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ing; every day added its freight of sorrow. Cut off from the world, encompassed only by fogs, storms, and rain, it seemed to me and to Mueldner as if we were the last survivors of a vanished civilization in some cosmic catastrophe.

In time, however, the clouds that hung so heavily over our skies were edged, here and there, with a silver lining. My Dutch and my German friends as well as my parents sent little gifts which gave me, after four years of exile, at least a measure of comfort.

Privation was not the hardest of my afflictions. The greatest hardship was the thought that I was here powerless to serve my sorely stricken country in any capacity.

I decided to do my bit by writing the story of my army and my own reminiscences, and by preparing a book subsequently published under the title, I Seek the Truth, which attempted to counteract the false admission of Germany's guilt forced upon my country by the brutality of her unchivalrous enemies.

I cultivated the violin, my favorite instrument. When I did not play the violin or write, I helped the smith in the smithy. The horseshoes that I made fetched high prices from visiting Americans. I donated the money thus obtained to local charities.

Unable to endure the gloomy aspect of my straggling garden with its few half-starved shrubs, I took a spade and planted flowers to bring a speck of beauty into the bleakness of my existence.

My wife, the Crown Princess, was eager to join me. But duty compelled her to stay at home to supervise the education of our children. The seaweed island offered no educational facilities. It was more important to teach them to become useful members of society than to ease the burden of my exile!

Through four years of war and four years of exile, the Crown Princess was father as well as mother to our children. Now and then she came to see me. The facilities of my little home and of the island were so inadequate and our means were so circumscribed that it was not possible to make these visits either frequent or prolonged. When the children came with her, the burgomaster was good enough to give them shelter.

My solitude was broken repeatedly by visits from my brothers, Prince Oscar and Prince Eitel Friedrich. But political and other difficulties delayed my visit to my parents in Doorn.

One of my first visitors in exile was an old school friend who came to me as a messenger of the German Republic and asked me to renounce my claims to the throne. Official duty imposed upon him what must have been a most unwelcome task. He was secretary of the German legation in the capital of Queen Wilhelmina.

After consideration I yielded to his demand. The claims of a prince are rooted not merely in the hereditary title but in the hearts of his people. If their hearts turn away from him there is no object in clinging to technical rights. My father, too, has repeatedly said that he would not return to Germany unless he was recalled by his people.

I saw a good deal of the Kaiser in Holland—more than I had seen of him in Berlin. Hour after hour we reviewed the causes of the war and the ultimate collapse of our power. We covered the same ground again and again from every possible angle. There was little on the subject of the war guilt and of the war written anywhere in the world that did not somehow reach my father in Doorn.

We began to understand each other better than we ever had before. There is always a certain inevitable antagonism between two generations and there is always an abyss between the ruler and the heir apparent. These differences have been marked in our family.

It is not necessary to remind the reader of the struggle between Frederick the Great and his father and between my own father and Emperor Frederick. Nor is it necessary to call attention to temperamental and intellectual differences existing between my father and myself. However, the common sorrow and the common exile bridged the chasm between us.

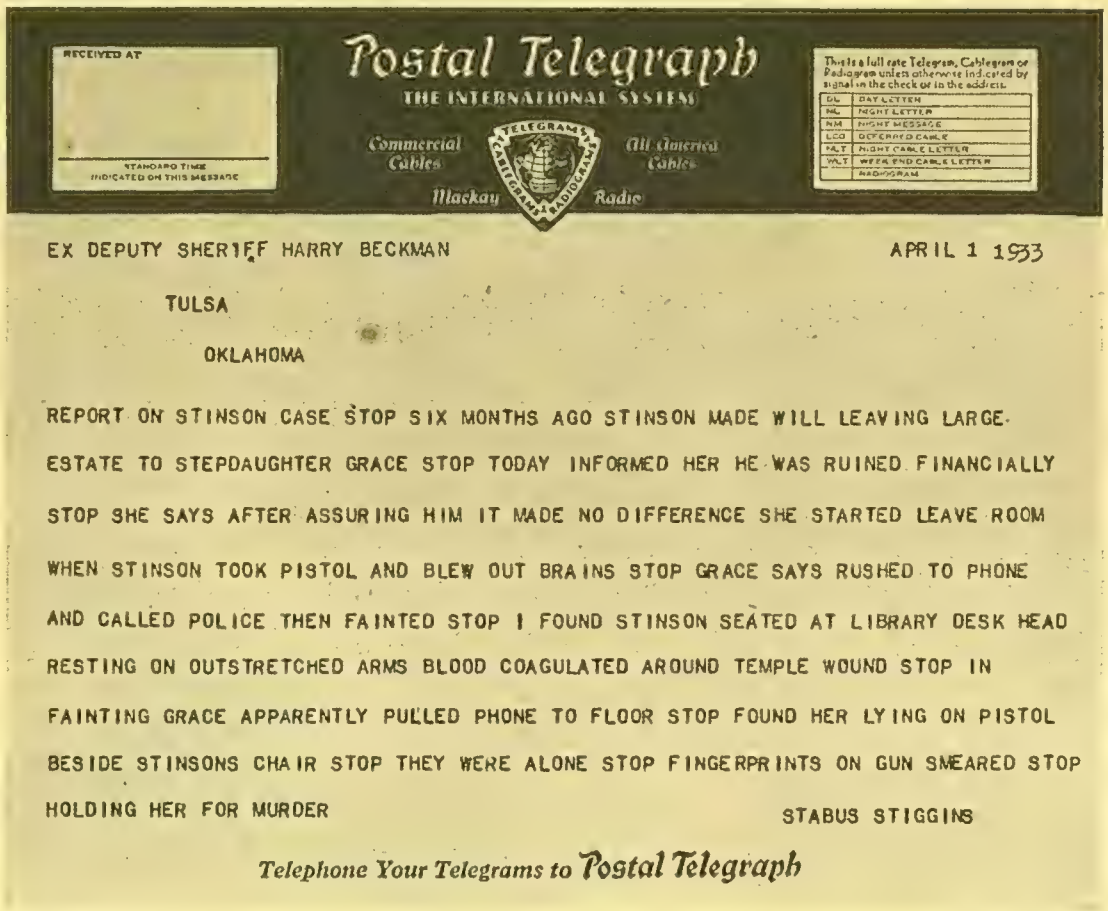
We vainly conspired to keep the news of the tragic death of my brother Joachim from my mother, whose health was failing fast. When Lloyd George waged his indecent election campaign with the infamous slogan of "Hang the Kaiser!" my mother's heart almost broke under the strain. The politicians and journalists who so glibly aimed their poisoned bullets at us did not seem to realize that we and our families are not clay pigeons but human beings of flesh and blood. We tried to shield her from the knowledge of these attacks, but her feminine instinct sensed every danger to those she loved.

Carried away by the ardor of her spirit, my mother throughout the war had overtaxed her constitution to fulfill the noblest of royal duties. She strove to be in fact as well as in name the mother of her country. Without resting she hurried from cot to cot, bringing solace to the wounded, hope to the dying, and bread to the hungry. While the war raged she burned the candle of her delicate body at both ends. She brought light and warmth into

DETECTOGRAM

Professor Stiggins, world-renowned criminologist, has assisted the police of many cities in the solution of baffling crimes. One of his eccentricities is his flat refusal to write reports. He even conducts his social correspondence by telegraph. Sometimes this is a bit trying on his associates, as he delights in making them somewhat baffling, although perfectly clear. Below is one of his telegraphic reports. In it is every fact and clue necessary to solution—and it has only one possible answer. How long will it take *you* to solve it?

By H. A. Ripley



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NM	NIGHT MESSAGE
LCO	DEFERRED CABLE
NLT	NIGHT CABLE LETTER
WLT	WEEK-END CABLE LETTER
	RADIOGRAM

EX DEPUTY SHERIFF HARRY BECKMAN — APRIL 1 1933

TULSA

OKLAHOMA

REPORT ON STINSON CASE STOP SIX MONTHS AGO STINSON MADE WILL LEAVING LARGE ESTATE TO STEPDAUGHTER GRACE STOP TODAY INFORMED HER HE WAS RUINED FINANCIALLY STOP SHE SAYS AFTER ASSURING HIM IT MADE NO DIFFERENCE SHE STARTED LEAVE ROOM WHEN STINSON TOOK PISTOL AND BLEW OUT BRAINS STOP GRACE SAYS RUSHED TO PHONE AND CALLED POLICE THEN FAINTED STOP I FOUND STINSON SEATED AT LIBRARY DESK HEAD RESTING ON OUTSTRETCHED ARMS BLOOD COAGULATED AROUND TEMPLE WOUND STOP IN FAINTING GRACE APPARENTLY PULLED PHONE TO FLOOR STOP FOUND HER LYING ON PISTOL BESIDE STINSONS CHAIR STOP THEY WERE ALONE STOP FINGERPRINTS ON GUN SMEARED STOP HOLDING HER FOR MURDER

STABUS STIGGINS

Telephone Your Telegrams to Postal Telegraph

Do You Know Why? The solution will appear next week.

the darkness and the gloom of the besieged citadel—Germany. But her disregard of her health spelled her death sentence.

The collapse of Germany, the turmoil of the revolution, my father's exile, and the separation from her children assailed her heart. Each was in itself a mortal blow. Then came the news of the demise of my brother. That was a shock from which she never recovered.

How often I walked with my mother in the little rose garden in Doorn which my father had planted to create for her the illusion of home.

"This is beautiful," she said, "but it is not my rose garden in Potsdam. It is not home!"

Every time I visited my mother she seemed frailer and frailer. Her spirit clung to her body only by desperate efforts. On my last visit she was barely able to walk.

Six weeks later I received the news that in the long duel with Death, Death had won.

Once more I hurried to Doorn. I found my father shaken by grief. Exile without my mother was exile indeed.

House Doorn was wrapped in slumber. The Imperial standard was draped over my mother's coffin. The perfume of innumerable flowers filled the room where her noble soul had passed into a world where sorrow, hatred, and suffering are unknown.

HOW many times in the last six months of my mother's illness hope and despair had alternately gained ascendancy in my heart! There were times when I jubilated. Some slight improvement seemed to promise another respite, however brief, from Death. My mother on such occasions talked almost gayly and evinced interest in every little thing that touched us. She was unable to speak much, but the pressure of her hands carried volumes of meaning. The incomparable smile that flitted over her countenance spoke of undying love and cheerful resignation.

Then there were times when the room became a battleground, where her amazing will power struggled with the weariness of her body.

At Easter she had one of her good days. Perhaps it was that euphoria, that mysterious well-being, which often precedes dissolution. Capable once more of prolonged conversation, she asked innumerable questions about her grandchildren. When I kissed her good-by, I did so with new hope. It was our last kiss.

My mother's love was a great magnet that drew us children into the parental house across the icy gulf of courtly etiquette and princely tradition. She knew our hidden desires, our anxieties, and our dreams. A mother's love, like death, is universal. Her love had triumphed over imperial pomp, over war and separation. It burned with a steady flame in my father's palace and in his Dutch St. Helena. Now death, coming to king and commoner alike, death even more potent than love, snatched her from us, depriving my father of the most self-sacrificing of wives and us of the most unselfish of mothers.

Although she strove to preserve a brave front, my mother had a clear presentiment that her days were counted.

"If you only knew," she said to me, "how my heart is torn by my longing for Germany!"

"Maybe next month or next year—" I suggested hopefully.

She bowed her head.

"I never shall see my country again!"

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THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

I followed my mother's mortal remains to the border. There I was forced to stop. I was not permitted to accompany her on her last journey home.

Then life once more exerted its inexorable claims. I returned to Wieringen. In long nights and long days I worked to make my home more beautiful and to find my own soul.

I was much cheered by letters from home, especially by a message from the scattered members of my own guard assuring me of their affection and protesting against the campaign at home and abroad to vilify my name.

And there were more visitors. Two, especially, stand out in my memory: Captain Koenig, the first man who crossed the Atlantic under the sea, and Baron von Huenefeld, who matched Koenig's achievement in the aërial ocean, starting from Ireland and landing in Greenland.

Huenefeld was one of the first of those who brought me pledges of undying loyalty and affection in Holland. He came on many occasions and was always a devoted friend. Poet and aëronaut, his soul as well as his body soared in the empyrean.

When he landed in Greenland with his brave Irish companion Fitzmaurice, the first thing he did was to write a poem of thanks. That poem electrified the world. Now the earth covers him, like so many of my friends and comrades!

Captain Koenig, fortunately, is still with us. Koenig's achievement in bringing the submarine merchantman Deutschland to Baltimore, defying both the depth of the ocean and the depth charges of the British, won plaudits from the foe he outwitted.

My uncle, Prince Henry of Prussia, and my little sister the Duchess also came to cheer me with their affection. While Germany was still in the throes of political and economic convulsions, I established contacts at home. Slowly the hope that I would be permitted to return asserted itself. Originally I had not expected to stay in Holland more than a few weeks. The Dutch government surely did not believe that I would remain an exile so long or they would not have banished me into this wilderness of a little fishing village. But the weeks stretched into months and the months into years.

MY friends at home had practically persuaded the new rulers of Germany that it was safe for me to return home, when all my plans were thwarted by the Kapp Putsch. Kapp, it will be remembered, marched on Berlin and seized the government. But he was unable to hold its reins for more than thirty-six hours. A general strike paralyzed his arm before he could assert the authority he had grasped.

I was in no way connected with his enterprise. Nevertheless his attempt to overthrow the republic seemed to postpone my return to the Greek kalends. In time sanity reasserted itself. Public sympathy veered around. It seemed absurd to many Germans who had no monarchist sympathies whatsoever that my own country would treat me as it I were a war criminal. The Stresemann government had the courage to sanction my return.

I did not leave Wieringen without a sense of loss. I knew that I would miss the simple folk whose life I had shared so many long years. Nor was I wanting in gratitude to the Dutch for having granted an asylum to my father as well as to me, and for the fortitude with which they rejected the demand of the Allies, drunk with victory, for our surrender.

The Dutch, under a somewhat hard exterior, are a sympathetic and kindly people. During the war and after it, they fed many thousands of little German children reduced to living skeletons by the inhuman, illegal, and indefensible blockade of the Allies. In characterizing this blockade I borrow the phrase employed by Woodrow Wilson and his Secretary of State. Nor can I forget that this blockade continued, with Mr. Wilson's consent, for nearly a year and a half after the Armistice.

When I first went to Wieringen I had some difficulty in discovering it. If I were to go back now, I would find it even more difficult. The Zuider Zee which surrounded it has been filled in to create new soil for Queen Wilhelmina's realm. Wieringen has ceased to be an island!

Even greater were the changes that greeted me at home.

I left Germany an empire. I returned to it as a republic.

WHEN I arrived, there were no flags, no royal salute to welcome me. When I walked through the streets of my father's capital, it often happened in the beginning that I was insulted and threatened. There seems to be in some natures a desire impelling them to spit upon that which they once honored. Realizing that my countrymen had been fed on a diet of lies, I tried to understand and forgive their hostile attitude. I tried to prove to my countrymen, as I did to the citizens of Wieringen, that they had no reason to hate me. No defamation could harden my heart against my own country, the country which my forebears made great and whose first servant for thirty years was my father.

Soon the children in Oels, my country estate, became my friends. Berlin, too, forgot its prejudice. After a few months most of my enemies were mollified.

Today, wherever I go, I am respectfully greeted and welcomed.

Back among my old familiar haunts the difference in my position was brought home to me even more vividly than at Wieringen. I had left Berlin in happiness and in royal splendor. Now the gate of the palace where I had spent my childhood was closed to me. If the revolution had swept my father's palace away it would have been, in a sense, almost easier to bear. The old walls were there, but I was an outsider, an alien in my father's house.

I did not permit such reflections to embitter me. My great-grandfather Emperor Wilhelm once coined the epigram: "I have no time to be tired." I, having lost four years of my life in Wieringen, had no time to nurse grievances. The task that lay clearly before me was twofold: one, to piece together as best I could the shattered fragments of my life; two, to put my shoulder to the wheel in the reconstruction of Germany.

The preposterous-sounding prophecies which were made to him by a French fortune teller in 1916, and every one of which, so far, has come true, will be revealed by the Crown Prince in next week's article. He will also describe his childhood and education, giving his memories of his great-grandfather who founded the German Empire, his great-grandmother Queen Victoria of England, and the mighty Prince Bismarck.

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Five Small Cats

A Short Short Story

By

WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

(Reading time: 4 min. 50 sec.)

"WOULD you tell me, please, who I see about the reward money in the Mallett arson case?"

Desk Sergeant Connell crashed his newspaper sharply. His feet came off the desk. "What do you know about the Mallett arson case?" he snapped.

A young woman stood before him, a shabby young woman with oversized eyes. Her hands were red and gloveless. She shifted from one foot to the other in weakness more than nervousness.

"Hasn't there been a reward of a thousand dollars offered for proof of who started that terrible fire?"

"Yeah, a thousand dollars the building people offered. Who are you, anyhow?"

"I'm Mary Britters. I live with my husband in the apartment basement back of the building that burned. And I know Joe Mallett started it. If you'd give me permission to go through the ring of policemen surrounding that building just now, I think I could do more toward getting a confession out of Joe Mallett than all your third-degree police methods."

"Who told you we were using third-degree methods on Joe Mallett?"

"A young man named Price. He sometimes stays with my husband when I go out. Please, mister, *I've just got to earn that thousand dollars.* We're down to our very last twenty-five cents."

"Did you know Joe Mallett?"

"Yes, I know him. And I hate him. I've hated him ever since the night I saw him throw a helpless little kitten on to a red-hot stove top. Joe Mallett's responsible for those eleven people losing their lives—"

"What do you think you can find in that burned building that'll cinch Joe Mallett's responsibility for that fire?"

"I know that he bought two five-gallon cans of kerosene at Mrs. Taylor's grocery at four o'clock yesterday."

"Yes, we know that too. That's why we picked him up for a grilling. But the buildin's burned. And if he spread kerosene around to make it burn faster, it burned up along with the property."

"I *wish* you'd let me search the lower floor where the fire started, sir. We need that reward money awfully. If I could earn it, it'd seem like a gift from God." The girl's eyes welled tears. People have a peculiar way of swallowing, too, when they are hungry.

"I'll let you have a pass if you want it," Connell said with gruff kindness. "But mind you watch your step in that building. Or what's left of it."

"All I want to do is examine the street floor behind Joe Mallett's shop. The fire started there and burned upward. Everybody knows it."

"Yeah," said Connell, "everybody but Joe Mallett."

The policeman would have his grim jest, for since four o'clock Mallett in the detectives' room had been successfully preserving his injured innocence. He knew that public sentiment was against him, that his entire neighborhood was convinced that he had started one of the most tragic fires in the city's history. But sticking doggedly to his story, he felt that he was beating the rap.

He had been badgered or grilled ever since they had picked him up. It was now past seven and would soon be eight. When his fresh pair of inquisitionists entered at eight thirty he was set for a fresh burst of ignorance and sullenness. Yes, he admitted he had bought kerosene the day before, but strictly for the big oil stove to warm his back room. It was burned up in the fire.

Could he help it either, if for once an insurance company had to settle a claim?

"Stow it, Joe," snapped Detective Captain Bowers, coming up. "We've got the goods on you at last."

"The hell you've got the goods on me!" But Joe Mallett stopped at what he saw. The Britters girl from over in the next block had entered with the flatfoot. She had something in her apron, something that *moved.*

"Joe," snarled Bowers, "did you ever see these before?"

Mary Britters arrived at the adjacent table within the glare of the torturous light. She emptied her apron upon it. Mallett stared glassily.

He saw five bedraggled and mewling kittens!

"What about 'em?" he sneered in disdain.

"They're yourn, ain't they? A dozen neighbors'll swear they are. Well, Mary Britters has proved they had a nest in your storeroom. But that warn't where she got 'em. She got 'em out from under her own back stoop."

"What if she did?"

"Your old mother cat, the one you kick around and starve, brought 'em over, a kitten at a time, this afternoon while the fire was raging.

"We got all the case we need against you now. Smell those cats. *Every last one of 'em is still drenched with kerosene!*"

THE man was unmasked. He had sprinkled that litter of kittens in the dark without knowing they were there. He wetted caked lips.

"That dratted beast!" he flamed suddenly, blasphemously.

It was confession.

They took him away. Mary Britters gathered up the squealing little mites of life and bore them homeward. It was a tawdry little one-room place with a wan young man lying on a cot.

"Oh, Fred," she choked, "I just *had* to do it. I knew Joe Mallett was guilty. And if he confessed, it *wasn't* wrong!"

"What wasn't wrong?" asked the bewildered young husband.

"I used our last twenty-five cents to buy the kerosene in which to drench these kittens. But we've got a check for a thousand dollars coming to us tomorrow. The desk sergeant said so!"

THE END

Lotharios, Luck,

Cary Grant and Nancy Carroll in a scene from The Woman Accused.

Richard Dix in His Best Role; Mary Pickford's Latest; the Liberty-Paramount All-Star Serial; and Another Keaton and Durante Comedy

(Reading time: 8 minutes 57 seconds.)

THE average life of the film stars is only four or five years, the most successful sometimes holding out for ten or fifteen. Of the pioneers, still comparatively young, only a few remain. It is doubtful if Mary Pickford's charm and popularity will carry her latest picture to success. The fans are now demanding good stories and fine acting.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ + THE GREAT JASPER

CAST

Jasper Horn, Richard Dix; Madam Talma, Edna May Oliver; Mrs. McGowd, Wera Engels; Mrs. Horn, Florence Eldridge; Mr. McGowd, Walter Walker; Andy Horn (as a boy), David Durane; Andy Horn (grown), James Bush; Roger McGowd, Bruce Cabot; Sylvia Bradfield, Betty Furness.

Directed by J. Walter Ruben.
Produced by RKO.

Here is a picture filmed from a novel by Fulton Oursler, Liberty's own editor—a corking story splendidly acted and directed.

Jasper Horn (Richard Dix) is a big, healthy motorman, utterly unworried by the social moral code.

His wife is constantly outraged by his casual unmorality. He helps his boss, the traction magnate, to delayed parenthood by making love to his pretty wife. When his own wife learns of it, she drives him out. Temporarily heartbroken, he kidnaps his ten-year-old son and beats it to Atlantic City. Chivalrously he takes an old astrologer out for a good time; his kindness to her results in his inheriting her racket. He studies her books and becomes the Great Jasper.

He attempts a reconciliation with his wife, but when the boss's wife reappears his wife again leaves him. His legitimate son and illegitimate son, grown up, love the same girl. While trying to square matters Jasper is stricken with heart disease.

Not only does the author (and Dix) make you understand the cumbersome, unscrupulous Jasper, but he makes you like him. It's the best thing Dix has done.

★ ★ SECRETS

CAST

Mary Marlowe, Mary Pickford; Mary Carlton, Mary Pickford; John Carlton, Leslie Howard; Mr. Marlowe, C. Aubrey Smith; Mrs. Marlowe, Blanche Friderici; Susan Channing, Doris Lloyd; Lord Hurley, Herbert Evans; "Sunshine," Ned Sparks; Jake Houser, Allan Sears; Señora Martinez, Mona Maris.

Directed by Frank Borzage.
Produced by United Artists.

A novel-length story of bewildering time-lapses opens in the Civil War period. Mary Pickford, very beautiful in pantalets and hoop skirts, is affianced to a sap English lord, but elopes with Leslie Howard, her father's "clark." They go West in a covered wagon; same clothes, same equipment, and same song, O Susanna, as the gold-rushers. Old-fashioned Western sequence; fight with cattle rustlers, etc. The baby dies, the house is burned.

Long time-lapse to apple blossoms and prosperity. Four children, and Leslie is now running for governor of California. At a big ball a beautiful Spanish gal spills the shocking beans that what we have been led to believe was the perfect lover, husband, and father has been gallivantin' with many women. Mary forgives him.

Another long time-lapse of thirty years during which Leslie has been senator. Fed up on Washington, the old couple decide to leave their grown children and return to California, where they can talk over their "secrets," the liveliest of which were Leslie's far-flung infidelities.

They "elope" in a radio-equipped car. From pantalets (1863) and O Susanna (1848) to today is a long time, and as they were married when the story opened, Leslie must be nearly a hundred years old. A great boost for California climate!

What—No Beer? stars Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton. The girl is Phyllis Barry.

and Laughter

By
ROB
WAGNER

Richard Dix, the Lothario, with Wera Engels in The Great Jasper.

★ ★ THE WOMAN ACCUSED

CAST

Glenda O'Brien, Nancy Carroll; Jeffrey Baxter, Cary Grant; Stephen Bessemer, John Halliday; District Attorney Clarke, Irving Pichel; Leo Young, Louis Calhern; Martha, Norma Mitchell; Little Maxie, Jack La Rue; Inspector Swope, Frank Sheridan; Dr. Simpson, John Lodge; Captain of Boat, William J. Kelly; Judge Osgood, Harry Holman; Tony Graham, Jay Belasco; Evelyn Craig, Gertrude Messinger; Cora Matthews, Lona André.

Directed by Paul Sloane.
Produced by Paramount.

This is the murder story, written by ten famous authors, that ran serially in Liberty. Ten authors will murder any story, but in this case the verdict is reduced to mayhem by Bayard Veiller, who wrote the screen play.

Nancy Carroll loves Cary Grant. They shake hands and agree to overlook their scrambled pasts. Comes Louis Calhern, Nancy's former lover. When Nancy refuses to come across, he threatens to phone Jack La Rue, gunman, to kill Cary. Nancy beans him with a statuette and kills him.

Nancy and Cary go off on one of those three-day ocean pleasure trips.

John Halliday, suspicious, follows on a police boat and conducts a mock trial. Nancy spills the beans of guilt. She is arrested and brought before Irving Pichel, a kindly (!) district attorney. Irving looks into Nancy's big eyes and refuses to prosecute. Who wouldn't?

★ THE FILM PARADE

J. Stuart Blackton.

A historical pageant of the history of motion pictures, beginning with the fantastic claim that the early Egyptians racing through the Temple of Karnak in chariots got a cinematic impression of Isis from her sculptured image on the pillars! Next, Leonardo da Vinci's camera obscura, followed by the optical experiments of Mayberg, Edison, and Eastman.

The most interesting scientific triumph is Louis Tolhurst's microscopic motion picture of a man sawing as projected through the thousand eyes of a house fly. The pageant ends with a production of the future, showing how we *may* recapture events of the past, the vibrations of which *may* still be shimmying through space!

Mary Pickford returns to the screen in Secrets. With her in the photograph is Leslie Howard.

WHAT—NO BEER?

CAST

Elmer J. Butts, Buster Keaton; Jimmy Potts, Jimmy Durante; Schultz, Rosco Ates; Hortense, Phyllis Barry; Butch Lorado, John Miljan; Tony, Henry Armetta; Spike Moran, Edward Brophy; Dr. Smith, Sidney Bracy; Mulligan, Charles Dunbar; Al, James Donlan; Stool Pigeon, Al Jackson.

Directed by Edward Sedgwick.
Produced by M.-G.-M.

Jimmy Durante is a barber; Buster Keaton a taxidermist. The country votes wet, and Jimmy gets a "collossial" idea! They will make the first beer. Buster has $10,000 hidden in his stuffed birds; with it they buy an abandoned brewery. They begin operations, with three tramps as helpers!

It's a mad picture made more tempestuous by the insane antics of Jimmy Durante who, by sheer exuberance, pushes Buster into second place.

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Street, Cavalcade, The Animal Kingdom, Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement, Washington Merry-Go-Round.

★★★—Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night after Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage, The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady.

The Story of a Canadian Hero Who Buried His Honor for a Woman

The Cross on Koo

"There was a woman, Hack," he began. "There generally is. Her name was Rose."

(Reading time: 25 minutes 40 seconds.)

LARRY HUSTON squatted before the crudely hewn cross, and stared with tortured, weary eyes at the inscription. It was brief and rather terrible; bold, defiant letters burned deep in the graying wood:

CONSTABLE LARRY HUSTON
R. N. W. M. P.
Died December 30, 1902
By His Own Hand

Larry Huston. That was himself! Constable Larry Huston, R. N. W. M. P. He was dead. This was his grave.

The man was not there, true; but somewhere beneath the litter of needles and the soft mellow earth were the moldering uniform and the brass ornaments which once he had worn proudly and honorably.

That had been a long time ago. More than a quarter of a century.

Larry rose, threw back his head and his shoulders, his hands clenched at his sides, his face turned up to the cloudless sky, as though with the gesture he asked God why—why— Then, with a shrug which somehow revealed the bitterness which steeped his soul, he turned away and shambled through the bush to where his canoe waited.

He did not immediately embark. Instead, he threw himself at full length on a ledge that overhung the water, and gazed down into the reflected face.

The years had made an old man of him; a rather terrible old man, with hopeless eyes and lips which had forgotten how to smile. A week's growth of beard glistened like a powdering of mica on his angular jaws.

Larry looked up; looked out across the lake, quiet and beautiful under the warm spring sun. Far away, close to the opposite shore, a black speck moved slowly, and the faint purr of an outboard motor, wide open, came to his ears.

Hack Bowman, he guessed, coming in with more liquor. Larry hoped so. He'd look in on Hack a little later.

His lips twisted again in that bitter one-sided smile which was no smile at all. Bumming drinks from Hack Bowman! He had come quite a way in that quarter of a century.

He clambered into the canoe and shoved off.

It was the middle of the afternoon when Larry reached Hack's camp. It was a small camp, carelessly made of unpeeled logs. The roof was muck and sod, and the corners had not been squared. All around was an untidy litter of rusty cans and snow-bleached paper cartons.

Hack met Larry at the door.

"*B'jou'!*" he said. "C'm'on in. Have a drink—or have you swore off again?"

Larry flushed and gritted his teeth. The only decent thing he had done in years was to try to get off the booze. That had been the winter before. He hadn't made a go of it.

"No," Larry replied. "No more swearing off, Hack. It doesn't pay."

"No more do you," said Hack, chuckling at his own wit. "Only about half the time. But c'm'on in anyway."

neka Point

By

SEWELL PEASLEE WRIGHT

Illustrations by
CHARLES DE FEO

"I always pay when I can catch any fur," said Larry. He whined the words. He heard his own voice whining, and he hated himself for it. Whining—to Hack Bowman!

He followed Hack into the camp. It was damp and musty; but the sharp, sour smell of whisky rose above the reek of cooking and unaired blankets. He felt himself wetting his lips.

Larry had had nothing to eat since breakfast, and the strong liquor spread its warming influence through his body almost instantly.

HACK took a drink himself, and sat down on the opposite side of the table, shoving the bottle toward Larry. Several times the bottle slid back and forth.

"Why don't you 'njoy yourself when you're drunk?" asked Hack, his loose lower lip more pendulous than ever. "Why don't you, Larry?"

"I do," said Larry steadily. "More than you know, Hack."

"Like hell! I mean, let go. Talk and laugh and fall on the floor. You just go white and stiff and never speak."

Hack leaned further across the table, his red-rimmed eyes seeking Larry's. "I wonder what the hell happened to you, Larry, to make such a bum out of you," he said. "Used to be a redcoat, didn't you?"

Larry stared at him.

"Yes," he said, "I used to be a redcoat. And now I get drunk with Hack Bowman." That wasn't at all what he had intended to say; his tongue was playing him tricks.

"Don't you like my company?" Hack snarled.

"It's very fitting," said Larry. "You've no idea, perhaps, just how far I've come down the scale, Hack. It's quite a story. Quite a long story. Care to hear it?"

Larry felt an overwhelming desire to talk.

"Sure," said Hack.

"Anything to oblige a friend. It's worth hearing, this story. And it starts back a quarter of a century ago, when I was a young man and held my head up and swelled out my chest to fill a scarlet tunic."

"You mean you was a redcoat; an R. C. M. P.?"

"The R. N. W. M. P. it was then," Larry corrected him.

"There was a woman, Hack," he began. "Have you noticed that there generally is? Probably not. You are not an observant type, Hack. Her name was Rose. Rose Le Grand. Don't misunderstand me. I don't blame Rose. I made my own bed, and I'm not trying to crawl out of it.

"She was very beautiful, Hack, with great dark eyes and hair as black as midnight. Every man in Three Rivers was crazy about her."

Larry paused long enough to take another drink. Two things he had to do: keep on talking, keep on drinking.

"One evening—an evening in the spring, about this time of the year—she snuggled her head on my shoulder and put her warm soft arms about my neck. Said she would marry me. Not then, of course; as soon as I got out of the service.

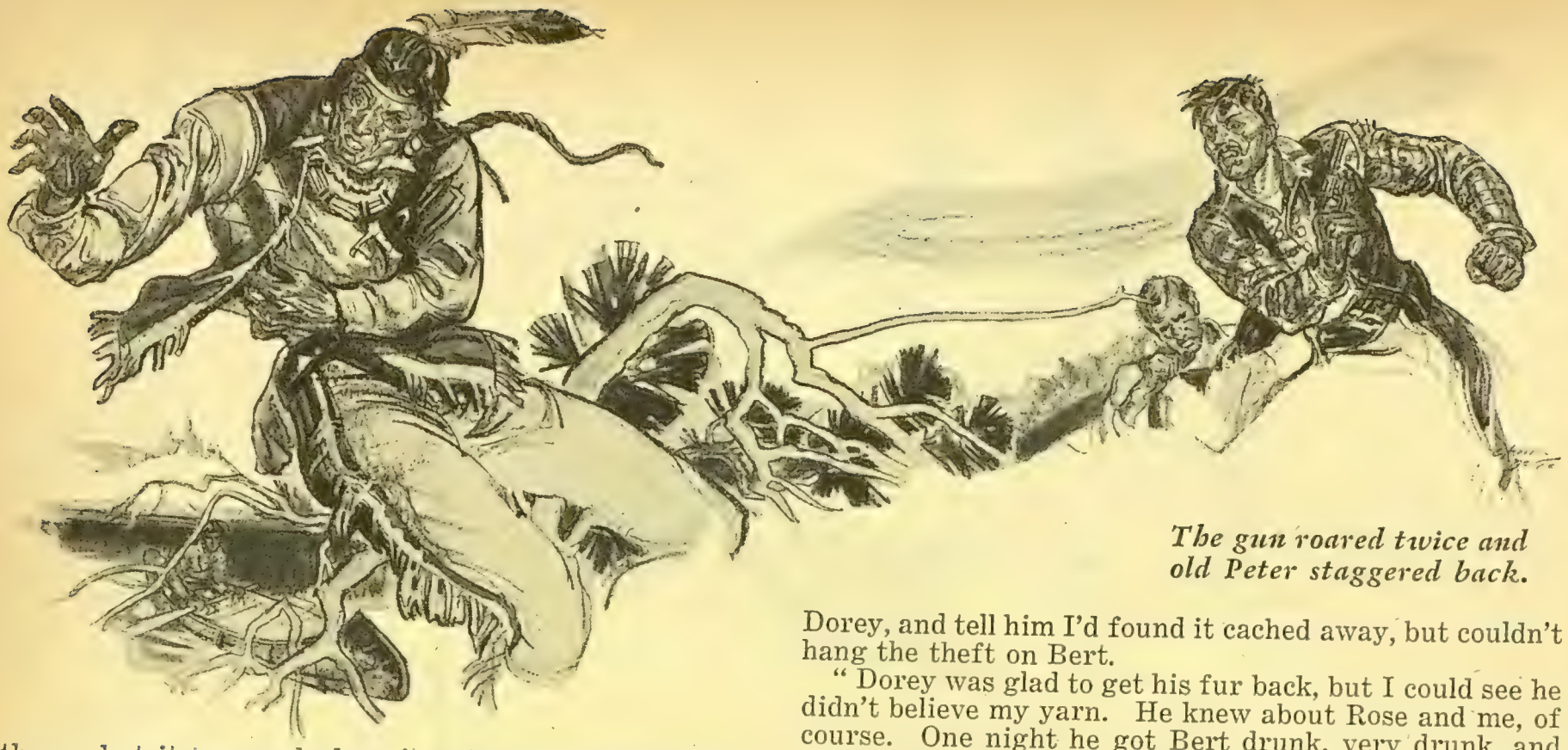
"We were both young. There was time enough for marriage. Her promise was all I needed to make me crazy happy all that summer. All fall. And then, that winter, there was a robbery.

"Dorey, the free-trader up on Birch Lake, started out to the tracks with several thousand dollars' worth of furs, right after the Christmas powwow. Halfway to town he bedded down on a portage, and woke up with a gun in his ribs.

"The thief wore a handkerchief over his face. But Dorey recognized the gun by a snare-wire repair on the forearm. The gun belonged to Bert Le Grand. And Bert was Rose's brother."

"Dorey?" mumbled Hack, his brain functioning slowly. "I know him. Runs the post up north of here, on Birch Lake. Still there. Same one?"

"The very same," nodded Larry. "Well, Dorey came to me with the story. There wasn't anything for me to do but go to their camp and search it. The fur wasn't



The gun roared twice and old Peter staggered back.

there—but it was cached up in a tree not far from the camp.

"The trail to the cache was perfectly clear. Bert didn't imagine he'd even be suspected, you see. A worthless sort of scamp, Bert was, and not the kind to think very hard, or worry."

"He should 'a' been more careful," commented Hack, wagging his head sagely. "You got to be careful. Careful—and smart. That's how I get by. I use my head, see? These damn' redcoats ain't so much. They just think they are. S'pose one of them was after me. Think I'd just wait for him to catch up and slip the darbies on? Huh! A deer's got the right idea: circle back, and watch your own trail. If anybody's on it, you'll see 'em. And they won't see you." He leaned forward, leering at Larry. "And then—" He lifted an imaginary gun, squinted as though lining up the sights, and pressed the trigger. "Bam!" he finished. "That's the way a smart guy would work it!"

"Well," said Larry, "I brought the fur back to the camp. I remember just what I said to Bert—every word that I said, and that he said. Every word that Rose said. One of those things a man can't forget.

"'Sorry, Bert,' I said. 'I found your cache. I'll have to take you in.' And I rattled off the formula of arrest as prescribed by the rules and regulations of the service. Rose was there, you see, watching me, her eyes on my face.

"She watched me while I snapped the bracelets on Bert.

"'I'm terribly sorry about all this,' I told her. 'You—you understand, don't you, Rose?'

"'Not very well, Larry,'" she whispered. 'Let's take a little walk—out to our place—and talk about it.'

"SHE meant a little hollow in the ridge which ran out to the lake, to form a point, not far from their camp. We'd spent many hours there. Afternoons, evenings in the moonlight, out there on the point."

"Kooneka Point?" asked Hack, reaching uncertainly for the bottle. "Where that crazy cross of yours is?"

"Exactly, Hack. Where that crazy cross of mine is," said Larry pleasantly. "That was where we went—to talk, you see. The snow was deep, and it was very cold, but we went.

"Have you ever looked into the face of a woman you loved, and seen her eyes fill with tears, and her lips tremble? It does things to you, Hack. Especially when you are very young.

"I'm not blaming her. She was a woman, fighting with a woman's weapons—fighting for her own flesh and blood with the only weapons she had. And—she won, Hack.

"I told her I'd let Bert go. I'd merely take the fur in to Dorey, and tell him I'd found it cached away, but couldn't hang the theft on Bert.

"Dorey was glad to get his fur back, but I could see he didn't believe my yarn. He knew about Rose and me, of course. One night he got Bert drunk, very drunk, and Bert boasted about what had happened. Said you needn't worry about the redcoats if you had a pretty sister.

"Naturally, Dorey didn't waste any time about making a complaint, and I don't blame him in the least. If Bert hadn't told, I would have given myself up anyway. The thing preyed on my mind. I couldn't sleep for thinking of it.

"I went to Rose's camp to tell her good-by. I still loved her, you see. But Rose wasn't there. Bert was there, and he had been drinking.

"'Rose?' he said. 'Rose ain't here, old hoss. Won't be here no more, either. Brinkman has been hanging around here lately, and she's gone away with him. Brinkman, that big mining engineer, or whatever he is. Don't know where. Have a drink?'

"I told him no. I thought for a long time. Not pleasant thoughts, Hack. I borrowed some clothes of Bert's and went back to the point. To 'our place.'

"IT was in the spring, and the place was beautiful. It was always beautiful there in the spring. I was there this morning, and it is still beautiful.

"I stripped off the uniform and buried it. I made the cross. I burned the inscription deeply. And then I started back for the tracks. They met me coming out.

"I've heard you say you don't believe in hell, Hack. You're wrong. I've tasted it. I've been through it. There is a hell, and men make it for themselves.

"But I've lived through it. I came back because part of me was here in this country. Bert had gone. His camp had burned to the ground. But the cross was still there. And Rose was still here. I think perhaps you've heard of her, Hack—Brinkman's Rose, they used to call her?"

"Goddlemighty! Was that her? Why, she was just—"

"Let's not say it," broke in Larry gently.

Hack grunted and shoved the bottle across the table.

"You was a damn' fool to let a woman bust you up like that."

"All men are fools," said Larry. He tipped the bottle. "Only," he added, "some are greater fools than others. Where are your lamps, Hack? It's nearly dark." . . .

Larry awakened with a splitting headache. Every bone in his body ached, and his mouth was foul.

He had slept all night on the floor before the stove. The door was open, and the clean warm sunshine drove on to the filthy floor in a rebuking rectangle.

Larry stood up and stretched. Behind him, Hack snored loudly, sprawled in his bunk.

Voices drifted up from the shore. Larry staggered to the doorway and looked out. An Indian and an Indian boy were paddling up to the beach before Hack's camp.

"Hack!" called Larry. "Get up. Here's a customer."

Hack rolled out of his bunk, fully dressed.

"God, what a head!" he grumbled savagely. "No, he ain't a customer of mine. Buttin' in again on what ain't none of his business, I s'pose. I'll 'tend to him."

Hack reeled across the floor and out the doorway.

Old Peter had beached the canoe and was walking toward the camp. The boy—one of his grandsons, Larry guessed—remained in the canoe.

"*'Jou'!*" nodded old Peter gravely.

"*B'jou'!*" Hack snapped testily. "What you want around here?"

"I have come," replied old Peter, carefully picking his words, "to say you no sell more whisky to my people, eh?"

"Oh, you have, have you?" Hack cocked his head truculently. "Well, now you can get the hell out of here!"

Old Peter's head snapped up and fire shone in his dark eyes.

Peter was the chief of his little tribe, composed of his children, their wives and husbands, and his grandchildren.

"*Cowin!* No!" he said. "I come to say this; to hear you say you no sell whisky no more to my people. You say that, eh?"

"No, I don't say that! You mind your own business and I'll mind mine." Hack took a threatening step toward the old Indian, his arms swinging threateningly. "On your way now, quick! I'm not sellin' your family anything, anyway."

Old Peter's eyes flashed angry fire.

"*Kee keanemu!*" he snarled. "You lie!"

"Lie, do I?" roared Hack. "Why, you crummy—"

LARRY saw Hack reach for the gun holstered under his left arm, and shouted a warning as he leaped. But Hack was crazy with rage and paid no heed.

The gun roared twice, and old Peter staggered back, gripping his middle.

Over his shoulder he called out urgently to the boy in the canoe:

"Pierre! *Ingoochi! Ingoochi,* Pierre! Go—go quickly!" Then he sank down on the path and lay still.

Hack ran hastily toward the canoe. But the lad had pushed off in desperate haste, and was shooting the canoe downstream with stabbing strokes of his paddle.

"Hey, kid! Come back here! Come back!" shouted Hack. "I won't hurt you! Come back!"

Then, as the boy only paddled the faster, Hack braced his feet and emptied the gun in the direction of the canoe. The bullets went wild, sending up little spurts of water yards away.

Hack turned truculently, his face inflamed with anger, his little round eyes gleaming in their folds of fat. Larry, who had been bending over old Peter, straightened up.

"He's dead, Hack," Larry said dully.

"Dead?" repeated Hack. Some of the rage was leaving him. "Are you sure, Larry? I—I didn't mean to—it was self-defense — wasn't it, Larry?"

"No," replied Larry thoughtfully. "He was an old man. Didn't carry a weapon of any kind. They'll call it murder, Hack."

Rage flamed up again in Hack's face.

"Murder? I'll say it was him or me. I'll plant a gun on him; fire a shot out of it. We'll both swear it was self-defense."

"No," repeated Larry, shaking his head. "The lad saw it all. He'll tell it as it really happened."

"It'll be our words against the story of an Injun kid," growled Hack. "I'll swear to it, and you'll swear to it."

"No," said Larry monotonously. "I won't."

"Then you won't swear to anything else!" Hack shouted, and fired point-blank at Larry's face.

The hammer fell with a futile snap of metal on metal. Hack had emptied the gun after the canoe.

Larry snatched at the gun, but Hack leaped away. He swung the gun, all the force of his powerful right arm in the blow.

The gun crashed against Larry's skull. There was a flash of livid flame before his eyes, an impression of two insane eyes, then nothingness.

NOBODY else would ever know she had a gray hair! Scarcely anyone, however, can glance at her without noticing how gray her teeth look — how dingy and dull.

If your teeth are dull-looking—if your gums are sensitive—they need *Ipana and massage*.

"Pink" upon your tooth brush threatens the sparkle and soundness of your teeth—the charm of your smile!

For "pink tooth brush" may not only lead to serious troubles of the gums—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—it may even endanger sound teeth.

Keep your gums firm—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, massage a little more Ipana directly on your gums.

Follow the Ipana treatment and you need have little concern about "pink tooth brush."

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-431, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a three-cent stamp.

A voice broke the torturing silence: "Reach high, Bowman! Or I'll drill you!"

Larry groaned and rolled his head from side to side. It hurt terribly. He opened his eyes and rose to a sitting position.

He was still there on the trail which led from Hack's camp to the water's edge. A few feet away was old Peter. But Hack's canoe was gone.

Larry glanced up at the sun. It was nearly noon.

He locked his arms about his drawn-up legs and rested his chin on his knees. He did not dare to stand as yet. His head was whirling dizzily and he was very weak. He stared at the body of the Indian, frowning.

Old Peter was dead. Hack had killed him. Probably thought he had killed Larry. And now he had fled.

He should have known better than that. The Indian lad would tell the others. One of them would start immediately for the tracks. The rest would be here before long, perhaps by dark.

BUT Hack could not get away. Sooner or later they would find him. Every station along the tracks would be watched; every post in the country would be looking for him. The Force has a long arm that reaches everywhere, and a brain that never forgets. One man may fail, but there is always another to pick up the trail where he dropped it. Always.

Larry shook his head in an effort to stop its spinning. Carefully he rose to his feet.

Somehow, a few inches at a time, he dragged the body into the camp and stretched it out in Hack's bunk. He drew one of Hack's blankets over the wrinkled old face.

Hack had packed in a hurry. Things were strewn everywhere. His rifle was gone, and the boxes of cartridges.

Larry remembered what Hack had said the night before: "I'll never let one of them get me. A deer's got the right idea: circle back, and watch your own trail. If anybody's on it, you'll see 'em. And they won't see you."

Hack had opened a fresh bottle; half full, it was still standing invitingly on the table. Hack had been getting up his courage as he packed.

Larry stood beside the table and studied the bottle. The cork was out. The sharp, sour aroma of the whisky came to him clearly. He reached out a hand for the bottle and lifted it to his lips.

He needed a drink. A drink would brace him up, clear his head. Just one drink — a good stout drink. He took it, feeling it run through all his body.

Larry dropped on to one of the stools beside the table. He must think. Should he wait until old Peter's friends came, or leave at once? His canoe was still there on the shore.

The Indians would be angry. They might do anything. They were still a savage crew when they were aroused.

ON the other hand, only the guilty ran away. He was not guilty. He would stay. The lad would tell them that he had had no hand in old Peter's death; that he had even tried to stop Hack when he reached for his gun.

Absently Larry reached again for the bottle. He felt better already. He must have a clear head when old Peter's friends arrived. Another little drink—

But he did not take the drink. From upstream came the soft hum of an outboard motor, growing louder every instant. Larry rose and walked uncertainly to the door. Could it be Hack, coming back?

Slowly he picked his way down the path to the edge of the stream. He could see the faint trail of bubbles Hack's canoe had left, twisting lazily upstream.

That was the way he had gone, certainly. But why was he coming back?

The exhaust of the motor was very loud now. It was echoing back in the bush until it seemed that canoes were bearing down on Larry from every direction.

A canoe shot around the curve—a scarlet canoe—with white letters on the bow. Larry could not read them, but he knew them for what they were: R. C. M. P. Even without the sight of the figure in the stern, Larry could have guessed those letters on the bow.

The canoe swung toward the shore, toward the spot where Larry was standing. The figure in the scarlet tunic turned to his motor, and its purr died instantly. With a little murmurous ripple at the bow, the canoe slid across the smooth water until the bow grated on the sand. Larry beached the canoe and waited silently.

"Hi, Huston," nodded the policeman curtly. He knew Larry; knew his story, or part of it. "Where's Bowman?"

"Not here, Seifert," he said. The policeman seemed like a mere boy, so slim in his uniform, his skin so pink and clear. Seifert, Cliff Seifert, his name was. A mere lad—as Larry had been a quarter of a century ago, when he had worn the scarlet of the Mounted.

"No?" Seifert stepped out of the canoe and strode up the path without a second glance at Larry. "I think I'll look around just the same."

Larry followed him slowly. Seifert evidently had not heard of the killing. Then why was he here? What was his business with Hack?

Seifert paused in the doorway, glanced around the camp, and turned to Larry.

"Dead drunk, eh?" he snapped. "Thought you said he wasn't here? Well, he won't be long. He's sold all the booze to the Indians that he's likely to for a long, long time."

So that was it! Well, Hack had been at it longer than most.

"He isn't here," said Larry quietly. "That isn't Hack. It's old Peter. And he's dead!"

"Dead?" Seifert crossed the room and turned down the blanket. The dark stains on old Peter's shirt told all the story—or nearly all of it. "Murdered, you mean!"

"Shot," nodded Larry quietly. It was strange that he could not feel strongly any more. Nothing seemed to pierce the armor of numbness which guarded his brain. Gravely, and without emotion, he told Seifert what had happened.

"I noticed your head," nodded the policeman when he had finished. "Thought you'd got it in a drunken brawl with Bowman. So it was his wake I noticed, eh? I saw where he turned off. Well, it'll be a short trail for him. Lucky break I came up here when I did. We'll get him for keeps now."

"But—you mustn't!" said Larry sharply. At last he was beginning to feel. It seemed like a long time since he had felt any emotion. "I know him, Seifert. He—he's told me what he would do. Circle back and watch his own trail. Wait until he could get a pot shot. When you're wanted for one killing, another doesn't matter much. He hasn't been gone long. Probably heard you coming. May even have seen you—too far away for a good shot. But he'll be waiting. He'll get you sure if you go now."

LARRY saw Seifert's face pale slightly, but the youngster's eyes never wavered.

"That's been tried before," he snapped. "You should know that, Huston."

Larry flushed dully and looked away. A youngster like Seifert could be very cruel. Youngsters like Seifert didn't understand. Couldn't understand. The years of understanding were not yet upon them.

"True," he nodded. "It's an old trick and a good one. Hack's desperate, and he's a good shot. He took his rifle. Don't walk into a trap!"

Seifert moved toward the door.

"I can see you've forgotten a lot, Huston," he remarked cuttingly. "It isn't my job to look out for my own skin. I'm going, and—"

With a sharp cry of sheer desperation, Larry leaped at the policeman. He had not forgotten all he had learned about handling himself, and his bony right fist cracked against Seifert's jaw.

The policeman, caught utterly off guard, crumpled to the floor.

Larry sprang across the room, tore down the stout cord over the stove, strung there for drying clothes, and bent over the still unconscious policeman. With trembling fingers he stripped off belt and tunic, and then bound the restless hands. He had hardly finished the job when Seifert's eyes flickered open.

"Know what you're doing, Huston?" he asked savagely, jerking at his bound wrists. "This is—"

"I know all about it," said Larry. "Save your breath."

He pulled off Seifert's uniform trousers and then his own. Quickly he donned the policeman's garb, while Seifert tore at his bonds and mouthed savage threats.

"Now," said Larry, "I'm leaving. I'm going after Hack. I'm taking your canoe—with the kicker. You can follow, when you work out of those lashings, in my canoe. I'll leave you your gun. I won't need it and you will." He picked up Seifert's stiff-brimmed hat and put it on. "So long, Seifert," he said. "See you later!" He hurried out of the door and down the path to where the canoe was waiting—the scarlet canoe with the white letters on the bow.

He swung along with his shoulders back and his head high.

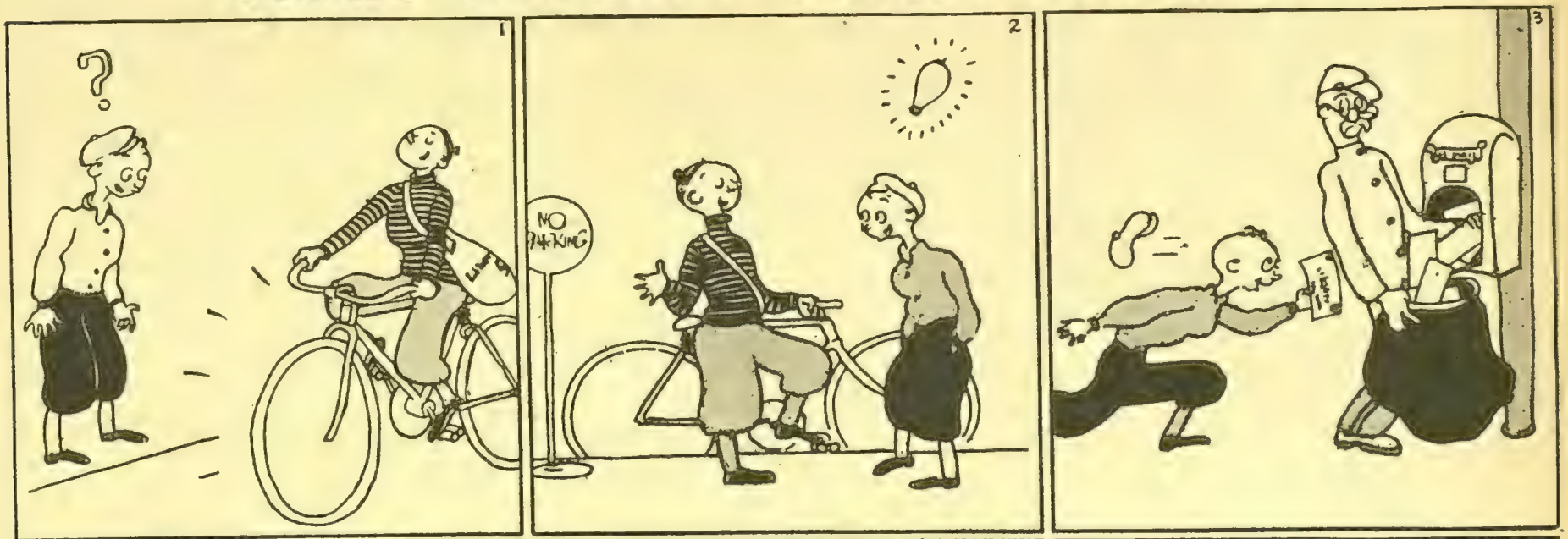
Again he wore the scarlet tunic he had once disgraced.

The motor hummed contentedly, echoing back in the bush. The wooded green banks slipped by swiftly. Ahead was the dim crooked trail of bubbles he was following.

He had seen, as Seifert had seen, where Hack had turned off. It was strange that a wake should remain visible so long. Sometimes in quiet waters a trail made the night before would be visible in the morning.

Hack might be anywhere, waiting—waiting with his

STORY WITHOUT WORDS FOR BOYS



LIB. 4-1-33

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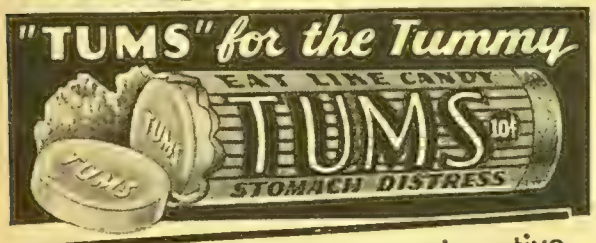

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rifle poised, his eyes keenly watching from out their creases of fat. Larry could almost see him waiting.

He would hear the motor first, and would tense alertly. Then the canoe would come into sight around a bend—perhaps this very bend ahead.

There would be a uniformed figure in the stern, and the rifle's sights would steady on the scarlet chest. His chest. The chest of Larry Huston.

And why not? The part of Larry Huston which was worth while was already dead. Had been dead for more than a quarter of a century. The rest of him had long since wearied of living.

Seifert, whose uniform he wore, was young. The joy of living was strong in him. All life was ahead of him—life and love and all the things which made the years worth while.

This bend? Larry gritted his teeth against the report, against the shock of the bullet. Carefully he moved the tiller, so that the canoe swung swiftly around the curve.

Not this bend. The next, then? A high hill, burned over years ago, commanded it. One of those fallen black logs would make an ideal rest for a rifle, any one of those clumps of young stuff an ideal screen for a skulker.

Almost certainly this would be the place. Larry felt his face drain white. His fingers on the tiller were cold, and yet his palms were slimy with sweat.

The canoe nosed around the curve. It was almost a horseshoe, this curve. Around—around—and still there was no report. Perhaps—

NO, this was the place. The report of a rifle ripped out savagely. There was a burning pain in Larry's right arm. He glanced down at it; it hung limp, and something dripped from his finger tips.

He swung the tiller sharply. That was what Seifert would do—make for the shelter of the bush. Hack must think this was Seifert.

The gun roared again. Larry barely heard the report. Something had robbed it of its loudness. Something— He felt himself going, toppling over in the canoe.

He heard the canoe scratch and snap its way into the shelter of the overhanging red willows along the bank. Heard the motor humming away monotonously, with no hand on the lurching tiller.

In a sort of daze, he waited. For minutes at a time he lost consciousness; but always the pain dragged him back to the green light filtering through the overhanging boughs.

Still Hack didn't come. He would come sooner or later, of course. He would want to make sure the bullets had done their work. But he could afford to play safe, to take his time. He would take no chance on the policeman's shamming. Not Hack. Hack wasn't the kind to take chances.

And at last Hack did come. Larry heard him coming through the undergrowth; heard him through the swollen pain in his side.

Larry did not look up. He was too weak. He heard Hack splash into the water and cut off the motor. The silence was very grateful.

He heard the whispering sound of Hack's clothes rubbing against the gunwale of the canoe. Hack was bending over him. In a moment he would turn him over—

A voice broke the torturing silence:

"Reach high, Bowman—quick! Or I'll drill you!"

HACK let out a startled gasp of fear. Another canoe slid alongside. For a moment—for a length of time Larry could not guess—there was blackness again.

Then he was looking up into Seifert's face. He couldn't see very well. Seifert's face was distorted, his boyish lips were trembling, and he kept blinking his eyes.

"Can you hear me, old-timer?" he was whispering.

"I hear you," murmured Larry. "It's an old trick—but good. It—worked."

It seemed to Larry that a sob came from the man leaning over him.

"Chuck it!" said Larry with an effort. The face of the policeman was fading. "I—was glad." He lifted a hand and touched the cloth upon his breast.

"I wonder," he whispered, "if you could—let me wear it—after—afterwards? As though—I hadn't—hadn't ever—"

His fingers crept upward until they caressed, uncertainly, the ornaments upon the collar. He smiled. Then he settled back limply. But the smile remained.

There is still a cross on Kooneka Point, with letters burned deeply in the wood:

LARRY HUSTON
Late of the R. N. W. M. P.
He Gave His Life
for a Comrade

And there is a date which does not go back far, and a trail leading down to the shore—a trail kept fresh by men who do not forget.

THE END

DETECTOGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

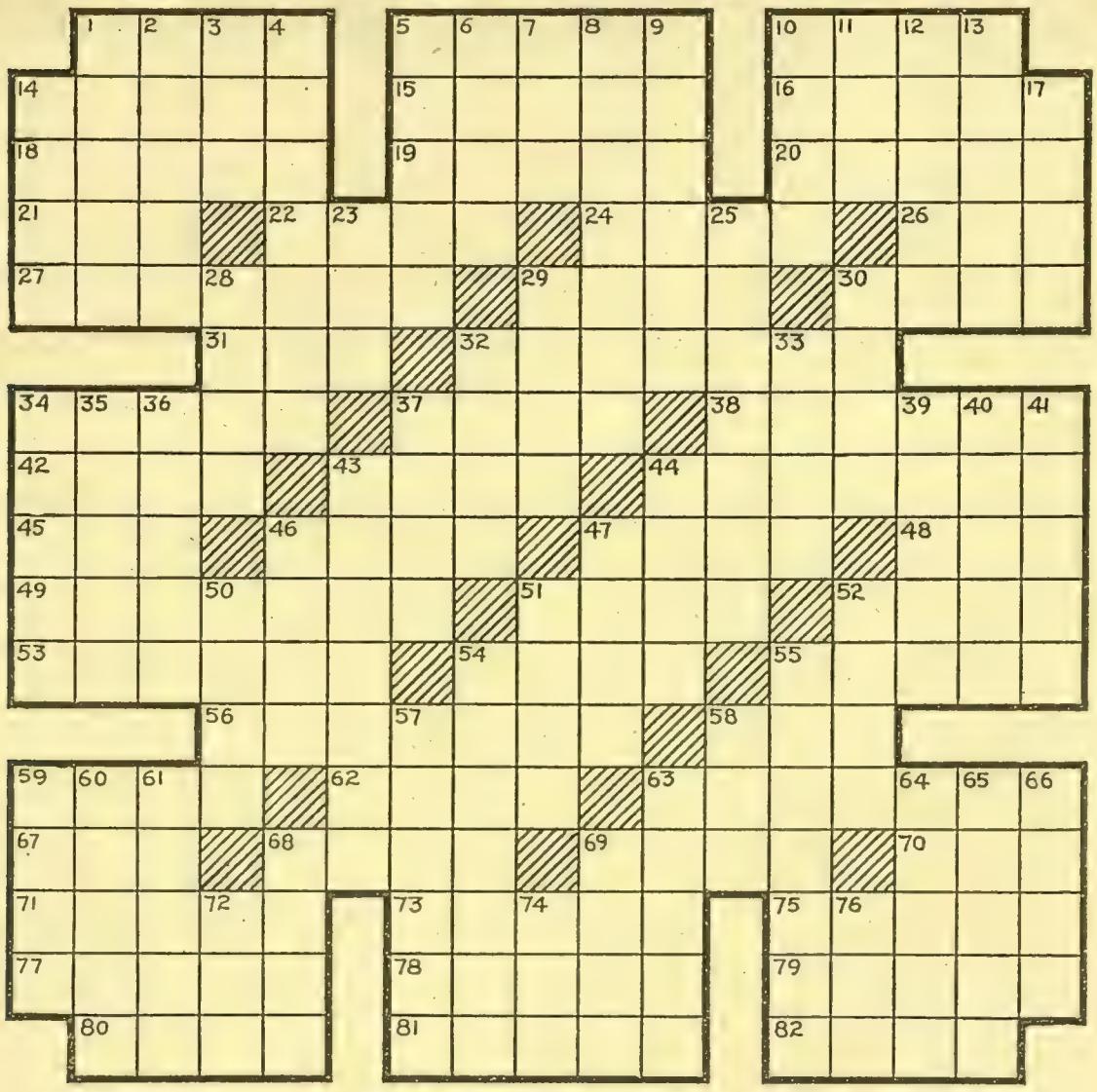
PROFESSOR STABUS STIGGINS
HOTEL MUNSON
TOPEKA KANSAS

AS NEITHER HUDSON NOR RANDOLPH EITHER KILLER OR LEADER AND AS BRONSON IS NOT LEADER AND WINTERS NOT KILLER BRONSON IS KILLER AND WINTERS IS LEADER

W C GORDON

CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 To act in concert
5 Outer garments
10 Smears
14 One who raves
15 A kind of clerical scarf
16 Angry
18 Elliptical
19 To blot out
20 A tag
21 Confronted
22 The Greek god of war
24 Tractable
26 Man's name
27 Gratified
29 Haste (obsolete)
30 City in Arabia
31 To espouse
32 Account clerk on a passenger vessel (pl.)
34 Projecting part of a church (plural)
37 Beverage (plural)
38 Rose above others
42 Strikes smartly
43 Clothed
44 An object thrown
45 Bustle
46 Persia
47 Abounding in pines
48 To write
49 Wider
51 To intone
52 A faction
53 A discourse
54 Liquid measure
55 Two-wheeled vehicles
56 Click beetles
58 A note of the scale
59 Comprehended
62 Spreads for drying
63 Exchanges
67 Conflict

M	O	D	E		P	E	A	L	E	D		P	A	T	H
I	D	O	L		A	S	P	I	R	E		A	R	I	A
C	O	M	M	I	T	T	E	E	■	F	A	T	T	E	R
E	R	I	■	R	E	E	D	■	F	E	N	■	I	R	K
■	■	C	O	O	N	S	■	C	U	R	V	E	S	■	■
P	L	I	A	N	T	■	W	A	N	■	I	N	T	E	R
S	A	L	T	Y	■	K	E	R	N	E	L	S	■	R	I
A	R	E	S	■	P	E	T	■	I	N	S	■	P	A	N
L	I	D	■	W	O	N	■	W	E	D	■	T	E	S	S
M	A	■	P	A	I	N	T	E	R	■	T	H	R	E	E
S	T	E	E	R	■	E	O	N	■	B	R	A	I	D	S
■	■	P	E	D	D	L	E	■	B	O	U	T	S	■	■
A	D	O	■	E	R	S	■	E	R	N	S	■	H	E	W
F	E	D	O	R	A	■	T	R	A	N	S	P	I	R	E
A	M	E	N	■	G	R	O	O	V	E	■	E	N	I	D
R	I	S	E	■	S	U	N	S	E	T	■	A	G	E	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

68 A perforated ball
69 Shower
70 To lick up
71 To expiate
73 Driving icy particles
75 Growing out
77 To assail
78 Uncanny
79 Restore to freshness
80 Tidings
81 Attire
82 Covers with turf

VERTICAL

1 A mason's maul
2 A size of type
3 Seine
4 Lubricates
5 Belief
6 Bladelike pieces of wood
7 A Syrian cloth
8 Those who sample
9 Slices of meat
10 A thin piece of baked clay
11 A constellation
12 Extremely violent
13 Cubic meter
14 To play boisterously
17 Ardor
23 A color
25 An assembling
28 Controls by inspiring dread
29 Regretted
30 Vipers
32 Represent, as by a diagram
33 Blushing
34 Desert dwellers
35 A Christian monk
36 Track of a wild animal
37 Having wings
39 Bagpipe player
40 To choose
41 Dinges
43 Scalloped
44 Aromatic plant
46 Image
47 Fasteners
50 So be it!
51 Gentlemen
52 Brine
54 Hawker
55 Puts in a difficult position
57 Annoyed
58 Capuchin monkey
59 To mop up
60 Consumed
61 Irregularly notched, as if gnawed
63 Diminishes
64 African antelope
65 Classifies
66 To vomit
68 Wagers
69 Brazilian coin (pl.)
72 Fresh
74 Prior to
76 Prefix meaning new

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 19

1—It was originally called the Hampshire Grants from some of its lands being granted by the Colonial Governor of New Hampshire.

2—Of or pertaining to bishops.

3—A character in Victor Hugo's Les Misérables.

4—From the Sultan Othman or Osman who assumed the government of Turkey about 1300.

5—He is supposed to have been Baron Karl Friedrich Hieronymus von Münchhausen, a German officer in the Russian service noted for his wild tales of impossible exploits.

6—Fourteen.

7—Among the earliest of which there is a record is Sir Thomas Overbury (1581-1613).

8—Melchior, Gaspar, and Balthazar.

9—Zane Grey.

10—Brazil is larger than continental United States, but with its possessions included, the latter is the larger.

11—At Agra, India.

12—They stitch leaves together to support and hide their nests.

13—The sky.

14—Three hundred and fifty years.

15—In Trinidad.

16—Nobel, in 1866.

17—Of central South America. It was introduced into the United States and Europe in the sixteenth century.

18—To the giraffe, which it resembles in some respects.

19—In a nargile the smoke is drawn through water.

20—The astronomical standard of time.

Answer to Adex question on page 19—*The two factors in cod-liver oil which have resistance-building value are Vitamins A and D.*

Can't take cod-liver oil because of the taste?... Try these pleasant tablets!

Now people whose general resistance is low may obtain the building-up benefits of cod-liver oil a new way.

They may help protect themselves against common ills through the hazardous spring season with a pleasant concentrate of cod-liver oil vitamins. *Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D!*

Squibb Adex Tablets provide an abundance of Vitamins A and D, essential resistance-building factors. Taken regularly *every day,* they add greatly to your comfort and well-being.

People who are conscious of their need for cod-liver oil but have put off taking it because of the taste should lose no time starting with Adex. They are small, chocolate coated tablets. Available now at any reliable drug store.

SQUIBB ADEX Tablets-10 D

Vox

Those Knocks Are What Make Our Life Interesting

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.—I feel that I cannot bottle up my admiration for your wonderful and most attractive magazine any longer, but must send a huge bouquet. I never knew anything about Liberty until a few weeks ago.

A friend in Chicago sent me a copy. I was so enthused that since then I have asked him to send Liberty regularly. I work in a newspaper office, so you can imagine the entire staff, from the editor to the office boy, all crowding round to have a peep.

I am a regular movie fan—simply devour the Movie Reviews, and the articles by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin. The serials are all great, too. Your covers are so attractive I have actually framed one or two.

I sent my much bethumbed copy to Scotland to a friend, and I simply can't understand anyone knocking your magazine.—*Joy Burnett.*

They May Be Calling Them Goats in California Now

MEMPHIS, TENN.—In your March 4 issue, Rob Wagner, commenting on the picture The Sign of the Cross, writes: "Nor does C. B. pass up his onyx bathtubs. Claudettus bathes in goat's milk, and if you think the milk is merely whitened water, cats prove its authenticity by lapping it up deliciously."

I wonder if Mr. Wagner knows a goat from a mule? For when I saw the picture a scene showed servants milking mules (or jackasses) and not goats for Miss Colbert to bathe in.—*Harry Leem.*

A New Angle on the Back-to-the-Land Movement

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—Much has been said about the back-to-the-land movement. This back-to-the-farm idea is all right for some people. These are the farmers themselves. Why not start a back-to-the-farm movement for farmers who are working on jobs in cities? If these men would go home where they belong, many men with starving families would have jobs.

These farmers pay no city taxes, have no water and light bills to pay, what they make is clear profit; while the city resident must tramp the streets, cold, hungry, and utterly hopeless.

The employers should recognize this fact and act upon it, but I don't suppose any of them care enough to correct this fault.

A back-to-the-home movement for married women whose husbands are employed would throw the limelight on another great evil.—*T. G. Carson.*

Silas Bent's Boodle Ring Articles Made a Hit

YAZOO CITY, MISS.—Your magazine is indeed to be congratulated and the citizens of the United States ought all to extend their thanks and praise to Mr. Silas Bent on his fine and truthful articles on The Boodle Rings of '33. He had the courage to write and you to print what most of us know but have just let alone.

No depression can be ended when greed and graft are the principal elements which the majority of our politicians seem to be after, and the time has certainly come when people should be appointed to public office by what they know and not by whom they know.

Everyone knows it is almost impossible to secure any kind of work with the government or big business today unless one has the pull of higher-ups, regardless of one's capabilities or honesty.

Hoping this start made by you will end only when we have a greedless and a graftless administration.—*O. M. Zenor, Jr.*

Some Kind Words About the Prize First Stories

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—The judges of the Prize First Stories proved themselves in perfect harmony with your hard-and-fast rule to publish the best fiction obtainable.

Graydon Monroe Card

It was to be assumed that the stories would arouse the egos of a few hecklers (possible disappointed contestants) or ignoramuses or persons at whom the tales were not psychologically slanted.

There will never be a short story written to please everybody. The spirits of all the departed writers couldn't get together and do it, Bill Shakespeare included.

A word to the contestants who submit hastily written half-baked fiction, and follow the rejections with abusive or sorrowful letters berating the judgment of the editors: "Ain't it a shame?"—*Graydon Monroe Card.*

Here Is Something to Interest the Jig-Saw Puzzle Addicts

TOLEDO, OHIO—At last I have found a use for Liberty covers, so I am letting everyone in on the secret.

Carefully remove the cover from the magazine and paste on cardboard. When this has been done, take a pair of shears or a jeweler's saw or what have you, and deliberately cut into as many pieces as possible. When you have completed total destruction, assemble pieces and tell your friends what a fine jig-saw puzzle you made for a jit.—*M. Peters.*

For the Plump Young Ladies

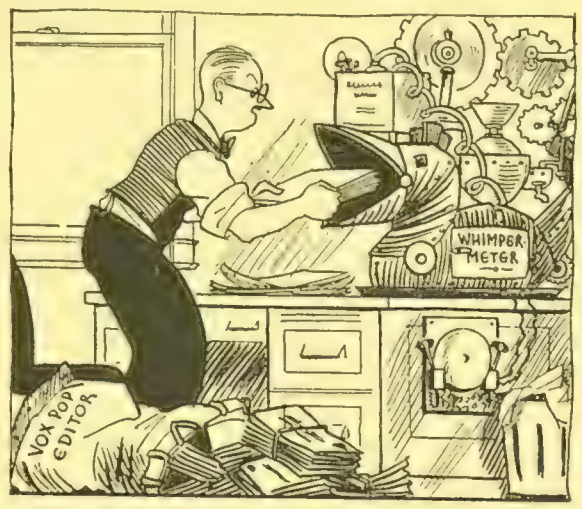
BLUE EARTH, MINN.—I have just finished reading Some Girls Have Tricks, by Cliffe-Manville, in the February 25 Liberty. I was delighted to see a fat girl get a break in a story without being made ridiculous.

With so many tall, stately platinum blondes wandering through the pages of fiction, we fat girls naturally rejoice when one of us has a chance to display her good points.—*Cora Warner.*

One of Our Inventive Readers Has a Brand-New Idea

CHICAGO, ILL.—I'm a rough old rooster and can stand a lot of punishment, but lately your Vox Pop just hurts my ears, offends my nose, and shocks my eyes almost to tears. As for excitement, why, I get enough to last me until the next publication comes out. So allow me to make a suggestion. Why not start a column and get a machine and call it, let's say, the Whimpermeter, and let it tick for the benefit of the authors who in due time will become good paper hangers.

The biggest kick I got out of your February 11 issue was from a man in Boston who actually encouraged them by saying, "Don't give up. I tried and tried, knowing that some day I would



win a prize." And he went further, saying that he is not going to stop trying. My dear editor, you don't know what you've let yourself in for!—*Elmer C. Heinz.*

POP

Can't You Live on That Good California Air?

TUJUNGA, CALIF.—Liberty may cause mother and me to be hungry. It's like this. We are so poor that many of our friends bring us food at various times. But two of them caught us yesterday buying Liberty at the corner drug store,

and chided us for not using that nickel for a loaf of bread.

We are now driven to concealing Liberty when we see visitors approaching with food.

Do you suppose this guilty subterfuge will be the first step toward a criminal record?—*Miss Fitzhugh.*

A Lafayette Pilot Asserts Baer Was First United States Ace

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—I don't wish to detract one whit from the reputation and courage of one of the finest and bravest men in the American Air Service, but Liberty is decidedly in error in its introduction of Alan Winslow's story, No Parachutes, in addition to Rickenbacker's statement in which he says: "History will accord Alan Winslow the honor and satisfaction of having been the first American pilot in the American Air Service to destroy an enemy plane during the World War." I refer to your subtitle, presumably fostered by Rickenbacker's foregoing erroneous statement: The First American Fighting Pilot to Shoot Down an Enemy Plane.

In all justice to the brave man who is no longer alive to make his own claim (and the first all-American ace), the honor belongs to Lieutenant Paul Baer of the 103d Aëro Squadron, who, as an American lieutenant in an American squadron, shot down the first enemy plane northeast of Rheims on March 11, 1918.

Baer was killed a couple of years ago on the Yangtze River, flying for China Airways. Knowing Winslow, I believe he would be the last man in the world to want to have any false statements connected with him, and I believe it would be only simple justice to a brave hero to give Baer the credit due him.—*Edwin C. Parsons, Lafayette Escadrille.*

It Was the Same Incident

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Upon reading the first installment of Alan Winslow's story, No Parachutes, I recognized an incident mentioned in a serial that ran in Liberty entitled War Birds.

The incident was the one at Oxford where the colonel was struck by the British lieutenant. According to War Birds it happened on Saturday night, October 20, 1917. Jake Stanley's birthday.

The unknown aviator, in his diary which was later called War Birds, made a slightly different but very humorous reference to the happening, mentioning the two Winslow brothers, also Jake Stanley.—*Jack Sweeney.*

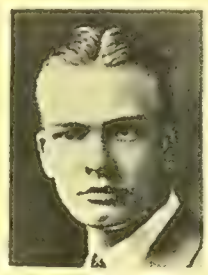
Harsh Words, Virginia

DUBUQUE, IOWA—I enjoy reading Vox Pop. Laughed longest at Franklin H. Bullock's letter of February 4.

Why did he send his picture? Did he think he would break a few more hearts? As for him specializing in women, I advise him to stick to used cars or, better still, rusty junked cars. He seems to understand them better. — *Virginia Hartman.*

You'll Get the Good Serials

BARTOW, W. VA.—Regardless of what the critics and the feeble-minded may say about Liberty—I'm still a booster! I read it from cover to cover every week (yes, I even read Vox Pop) with a great deal of enjoyment. Needless to say,


Lincoln C. Burner

you give us readers a good cross section of the Liberty reading public in Vox Pop each week, and it is in that department that you live up to the name Liberty!

You really gave us readers something good when you started Hell Hounds! Boy, it was great! And that serial The Woman Accused was a corker, too! Keep up the good work and you'll continue to have boosters who will swear *by* you and not *at* you, as the *dyed-in-the-wool* knockers are bound to do.—*Lincoln C. Burner.*

You Sound Seagoing

RED WING, MINN.—I just finished reading Vox Pop in your February 25 issue. Saw the Fleet was in again. Three cheers for Liberty!

Vox Pop is more entertaining than anything in any other magazine I've ever read.

Gob comments come first, though, then the rest of the magazine.

Funny how shy those gobs are. Won't admit they read To the Ladies! as Elsie did. Hey, sailor, don't shoot! We all make mistakes.—*H. Louise Howe.*

Don't They Hold Fights Down There Too?

MIAMI, FLA.—Oh, my goodness! I read in Vox Pop that a Miss Zara Sylcox of Miami is protesting against girls smoking cigarettes. Wicked Miami! F'eaven'ssake! Somebody may bet on a horse or dog race if we aren't careful.

L. P. Zimmerman

Methinks I'll hie me over to the beach. If the girls are getting so bold as to smoke, perhaps some daring maiden may appear on the beach in a modern bathing suit. Thanks for the tip, Miss Zara. I have lived in Miami only fourteen years and I did not know that Miami was getting so wicked.—*L. P. Zimmerman.*

Those Twenty-Dollar Senatorial Tips for Chambermaids

VICTOR, IDAHO.—I can't get your article Congress Cashes In, by Charles Stevenson, off my mind. Give us more like it. I was astonished at Senator Pittman's expense account while in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming. I live at the door of that territory, and I can't imagine where they paid two dollars each for lunch, when eighty cents is considered high for a four-course turkey dinner in Jackson.

They are going to be mobbed with applicants for waitress, cabin boy, and chambermaid now that the news of twenty-dollar tips is out.—*Mrs. Wallace D. Hayes.*

You Never Can Tell

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. — I personally think your magazine is no good. The only reason I am taking it is because you have a first-class salesman by the name of Yosef Dworsky, 2164 12th Avenue North, Minneapolis. He is ten years old. He comes in and sticks our

whole office force every week. He has personality and is a good kid. I think some day he will become president of your company. Then you will have a good magazine.—*Guy V. Howard.*

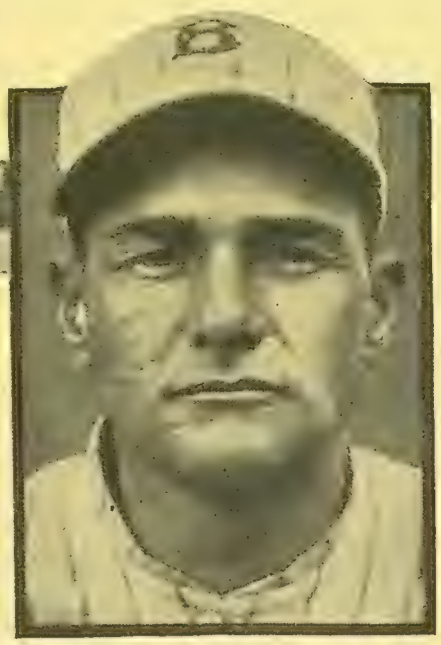
Bushers to

A Veteran Baseball Scout Looks Back Over His Finds and Takes Due Pride in Their Success

By LARRY SUTTON

Dean of "Ivory Hunters"

Chuck Klein of the Phillies. Joe O'Rourke discovered him with the Fort Wayne club in his first season as a professional baseball player.



Zach Wheat, who for years hit .300 in the National League. Larry Sutton found him, a rare bargain, for the Dodgers in 1909 at Mobile.

U. & U. News photos

Left: Paul Waner, the great hitter and outfielder of the Pirates. On the lots in Ada, Oklahoma, as a kid he looked good to Scout Nick Williams.

Right: Jack Dalton, a star with the Dodgers, was the first busher Larry Sutton ever bought for "big money"—some $4,000 and a pitcher!

(Reading time: 16 minutes 5 seconds.)

IT was the second game of the World's Series last fall at the Yankee Stadium in New York. Sixty thousand wild-eyed big-league fans were there to see it. Out in center field a young ball player who was unknown to them scampered over the sod for the Chicago Cubs.

Johnny Moore, regular center fielder of the Cubs, was out of the game. It had been megaphoned to the crowd that he would be replaced by Frank Demaree—just another "busher" breaking in.

The Cubs scored a run and took the lead in the opening inning. Then Yankee bats began to explode—bats wielded by Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Bill Dickey, et al. "Murderers' Row" was running rampant again. The Yankees drove over two runs to take the lead.

In the third inning, with Riggs Stephenson on second by virtue of a hit that had got by Ruth in the outfield, the new bush-league center fielder of the Cubs came to bat. Gomez, star southpaw of the Yankees and one of the greatest pitchers in the game, was pitching. Sixty thousand people were yelling at him to "strike the busher out."

But the busher never faltered. He picked out a ball that he liked and socked it for a clean base hit that drove home the tying run.

In the sixth inning Frank Crosetti, Yankee shortstop, came to bat and whaled a tremendous clout toward the left-center-field corner of the great amphitheater—a sure home run to everybody who saw it but that unknown busher out in center field. At the crack of the bat he turned and raced frantically toward the left-field barrier—"the old college try," ball players call such a hopeless attempt.

But this was no mere "college try" to that busher. While racing at full speed with his back toward the infield he leaped into the air and stuck out his hands, catching the ball for one of the greatest fielding plays ever seen in a World's Series.

In the opening game in Chicago the Yankees had the bases full with nobody out. Lou Gehrig caught one on the end of his bat and drove it on a line to short center field—a sure base hit if there ever was one. But the busher came charging in, dived for the ball, and picked it off the grass tops for another great catch that prevented a run from scoring. Then later in the same game he stepped up to the plate and slammed the ball out of the lot for a World's Series home run.

Observing these performances from an inconspicuous seat in the grandstand I was conscious of a distinct thrill of satisfaction, though the success or failure of either team meant nothing to me.

The important thing to me was the fact that another busher had made good in the big leagues. For these replacements for fading big-league stars are the products of a constructive force, an asset of the big-league ball

Big Leaguers

Int. photo
Dazzy Vance is one of the finds Larry Sutton takes most pride in. Larry got Brooklyn to give him a second big-league tryout.

club, of which I was the pioneer. I refer to the scouting system that makes big leaguers out of bushers.

Somewhat vaguely it is known that there is such an individual as a baseball scout, but casual or satirical mentions of his existence are about all the recognition he gets. If that sounds cynical it is because through the years a big-league scout becomes the most confirmed of cynics—and I've had forty-six of those years.

Forty-six years of tank-town travel and hick hotels, of making connections at three o'clock in the morning for Moosejaw or Painted Post, or missing them and sleeping in the station; forty-six years of trying to figure out if the freckle-faced farm hand who just hit a fast ball over the adjoining woods will ever bump one out of the infield against big-league pitching; forty-six years of putting bushers into big-league headlines and getting in return a meager paragraph among the patent-medicine ads in the Fort Worth Record or the Kalamazoo Call that reads something like this:

Larry Sutton, scout for the Brooklyn National League Club, saw yesterday's game from the grandstand. It is rumored that he is looking at Swat Saunders, our hard-hitting second baseman.

I WAS the first scout to be regularly employed on a salary basis by a big-league baseball club, previous to which I had operated on a free-lance basis through upstate New York.

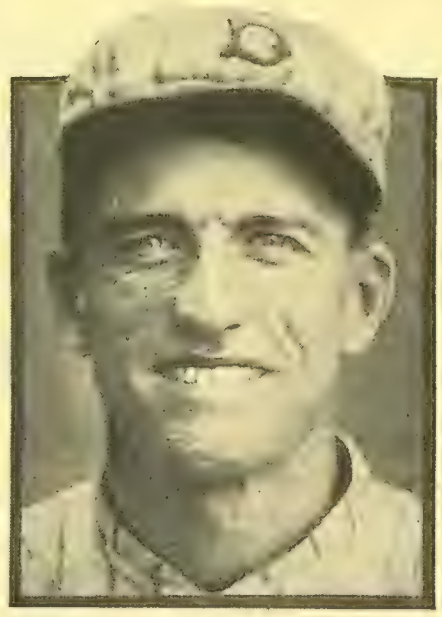
Here's a recollection that will provide some inside information concerning the earning capacity of a baseball scout in the early, free-lance days of the industry:

I picked up Nick Altrock, the present clown coach of the Washington American League Club, pitching at Oswego, New York, back in 1899. I bought him for the Syracuse New York State League Club for $100—and Nick and I split half the purchase price, fifty beans. The club was satisfied to accept fifty dollars for a player who a few years later was one of the star southpaw pitchers of the American League.

But back in 1895 George Moreland sold his entire Steubenville ball club to Paterson, in the Atlantic League, for seventy-five dollars—and that included Hans Wagner, probably the greatest player of all time!

The first "big money" deal I ever closed for a bush-league player was for Jack Dalton, the hard-hitting outfielder who starred for Brooklyn for a number of years. I think it was $4,000 and a pitcher—big money then if chicken feed now. I bought Dalton from the Des Moines, Iowa, club in the Western League. I shipped him East on a Wednesday evening.

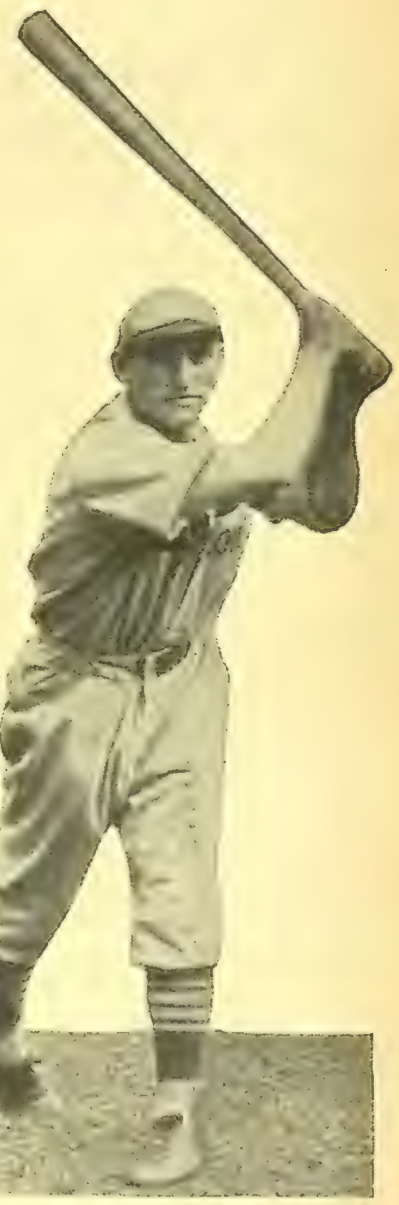
I knew Dalton would be in the game on Saturday, when the New York Giants were playing in Brooklyn. Saturday night I went to my room at the usual time, but I couldn't go to bed till I had seen the box score of that game. I had risked a lot of the club's money on my judg-



Something about Jake Daubert made Larry overlook Jake's light hitting in the minors. So Brooklyn bought him. The rest is history.

U. & U. News photos

Right: John "Pepper" Martin, who beat the Athletics in the 1932 World's Series. The Cardinals owe him to their scout Charlie Barrett.



Acme photo
And Rogers Hornsby (left), whose hitting shattered big-league records, was dug up for St. Louis by Bob Connery in the bushes in Texas.

ment of a player who was as yet untried against big-league pitching, and I knew that a lot would depend on the first impression he made.

I waited up for the early edition of the Des Moines Sunday papers—and there it was. Jack Dalton, in his first big-league ball game, had been at bat five times and made five hits. Then I looked to see who had pitched for the Giants. It was Christy Mathewson.

It was the realization that it is something else than bush-league ability that marks the future big-league star—something intangible that requires a discerning eye to detect—that finally led big-league ball clubs to form their present extensive scouting systems.

When young " Pepper " Martin popped up over the big-league horizon with his sensational performance in the World's Series a year ago last October, beating the Athletics, twice world's champions, almost single-handed, to the fans at large it was just another great young ball player who had come up from the bushes. But to those who knew, that World's Series performance of Pepper Martin constituted a testimonial to the discerning judgment of Charlie Barrett, scout for the St. Louis National League Club.

In the summer of 1929 Barrett was cruising around in Texas League territory with little success. He went off on one of those wild-goose chases deeper into the sticks that scouts frequently take for no good reason at all except that they have learned from experience that " gold is where you find it."

It was the purest chance that Barrett dropped off the train at Greenville, Texas, where they operated a club in the little East Texas League.

He was just a casual observer at the ball game that afternoon, but gradually his interest became centered on a husky youth who was playing second base on the Greenville club. It wasn't because this player did anything remarkable, but he drew the scout's attention by the way he *tried* to do things. And to the discerning eye of the big-league scout it isn't so much what the busher does as the way he looks when he tries to do it that marks the big-league prospect.

Barrett stayed over in Greenville another day, and then wired in a report to Branch Rickey. Rickey wired back, authorizing him to purchase this Greenville second baseman, and Barrett closed a deal for the purchase of Johnny Martin for the sum of $2,500, with the stipulation that he was to remain with the Greenville club until the close of the season in the East Texas League.

Later, finding that the Fort Smith, Arkansas, club, one of the minor-league " chain farms " of the St. Louis club, was in urgent need of an infielder, Barrett secured the immediate release of Martin from Greenville by paying an additional $200 and had Martin report to Fort Smith.

The following year St. Louis sent Martin to Rochester, another " chain farm," with instructions to convert him into an outfielder, and then pulled him in to the mother club as a big-league regular outfielder in 1931.

THUS, through a chance visit and the discerning judgment of a big-league scout, Pepper Martin was given to a baseball world to cheer during the World's Series of 1931—and he wasn't even playing the outfield when the scout saw him, and wasn't an outstanding performer in a lowly Class D league.

One day in the summer of 1921 I had just returned from a scouting trip through the South and chanced to ankle into the office of the Brooklyn club at the very moment when the late Charles Ebbets, then president of the Brooklyn club, was making known his decision to purchase a pitcher named " Dixie " Walker from the New Orleans club.

" We need pitchers and we've got to get 'em," he was saying to Manager Wilbert Robinson. " Go ahead—wire New Orleans that we'll buy this Dixie Walker at their price of twenty thousand dollars."

Bundy Studio photo

Larry Sutton, author of this article. He has been a baseball scout forty-six years, and from his finds an all-time all-star club of merit could be selected without difficulty. It would be hard to beat.

" Wait a minute, Mr. Ebbets," I interrupted. " You can do better than that. Get Vance from the same club. He'll cost you just about a quarter as much, and I think he'll be twice as good against big-league hitters, in spite of the fact that Walker is a better pitcher down there."

Manager Robinson shook his head doubtfully. " That guy was an awful bust when he was with the Yankees, and he's getting pretty old now to come back to the big leagues," he said.

But in the end I won the argument. Brooklyn changed from its decision to buy Dixie Walker and wired the New Orleans club for a price on Dazzy Vance. The answer came back: " Five thousand dollars. Five hundred of this amount down, and forty-five hundred if you keep him after June first."

New Orleans had been dickering with both Washington and Brooklyn for the sale of Dixie Walker, and as they knew they could get their price for Walker from the Washington club they looked upon this wire from Brooklyn as so much manna from heaven—for Dazzy Vance was then twenty-eight, had been drifting around with thirteen different clubs during the previous ten years, and hadn't been able to win half his games with a bush-league club the year before.

Dixie Walker proved a total loss for Washington, while Dazzy Vance has been one of the star pitchers of the National League ever since, and just two years after his purchase—in 1924, when he won twenty-eight games and lost only six—he was voted the most valuable player in the National League and received the award given by the league for that distinction.

BUT if I hadn't chanced into the Brooklyn office just when I did Dazzy Vance might have spent the rest of his years in the bushes, as he was one of those players who never show their true worth in the bush leagues.

I found Zach Wheat playing the outfield down in Mobile in 1909. He was hitting bush-league pitching for an average of only .245. But there was something about his form at bat that interested me, and because of his low bush-league batting average I bought him cheap for the Brooklyn club—and Wheat was a consistent .300 hitter in the National League for more than fifteen years during a period when .300 hitters were much more of a rarity than they are now.

It was the same with Jake Daubert. Jake had been tried out by Cleveland in 1907 and released outright to the Toledo club in the American Association, where he hit minor-league pitching for the futile average of only .186. Toledo sent him farther down into the bushes at Memphis.

When I saw Daubert in Memphis there was something about him that made me forget that .186 batting average at Toledo. The Brooklyn club had an option on first choice of Memphis players, and on my recommendation they selected Daubert—and Jake Daubert hit over .300 in ten out of thirteen years in the National League, led the league in batting in 1913 and 1914, and received the award as the most valuable player in the league in 1913 when he whaled National League pitching for an official average of .350.

Back in 1915 Bob Connery, scout for the St. Louis National Club, stopped off at Denison, Texas, in the obscure little Texas-Oklahoma League. He saw a fellow named Rogers Hornsby playing shortstop for the Denison club. The kid didn't look so hot in the field, and on looking up his batting figures Bob saw that he was hitting only .277 against Class C bush-league pitching, had hit only .232 the year before, and he had been let out by both Dallas and Hugo as not worthy of further trial.

But by the way he " stepped into the pitch " up there at the plate Scout Connery figured that here was a natural hitter who wasn't hitting because of the wildness of the pitching in that league—one of those players who will hit good pitching better than the bush-league brand.

There was no competition for the purchase of Hornsby,

so Connery bought him for the St. Louis club for the trifling sum of $500—and Hornsby led the National League in batting for six years in succession—1920 to 1925 inclusive—established a new modern big-league high batting average of .424 in 1924, a new National League home-run record with forty-two in 1922, and had a grand batting average of .362 for sixteen consecutive years as a big-league star.

Then there is the other type of ball player who hits all kinds of pitching, good or bad—the kid who starts whaling the ball on the sand lots, keeps it up through the various classifications of minor leagues, and winds up in a blaze of glory by pasting big-league pitching all over the map.

In the summer of 1922 Nick Williams, combing the bushes out West for the San Francisco club of the Pacific Coast League and doing an odd job of scouting now and then for the Pittsburgh National League Club, saw a kid pitcher working on the lots down in Ada, Oklahoma. He had won forty games and tied two—but this fact meant nothing to Nick. What did mean something to him was the way that kid could hit—and the way he looked, doing it.

Nick took him to San Francisco, where the kid was allowed to decorate the bench and watch the other fellows pitching in a regular league when the 1923 season opened.

He managed to get into the first game of a double header up in Seattle one day, and while he was no great shakes as a pitcher he hit the ball so hard they stuck him in the outfield for the second game, as two of the regular outfielders were out with injuries—and this busher's contribution to the cause that day, the first time he had ever played in a regular league, was eight hits in nine times at bat, five of his hits being doubles.

This was no way for a pitcher to hit, so the San Francisco manager—who was Jack Miller, the old Pittsburgh second baseman—put him back on the bench, saying, " It can't be true—this kid is too good to be real! "

SOON after this the new pitcher from the bushes edged into another game and made three hits and got two bases on balls in five times at bat, scored two runs and stole two bases. Jack Miller thought there must be something wrong with his eyes—he couldn't be seeing what he thought he saw. Then one day he sent his new pitcher in as a pinch hitter in the eleventh inning of a close game against Los Angeles—and the Oklahoma busher promptly plastered the ball over the netting in right field for one of the longest home runs San Francisco ever saw.

Still Jack Miller wouldn't believe it—this busher was sure to flop. But after he had sent him in five times as a pinch hitter and he had delivered safe wallops three times, two of them for two bases, Miller began to play him in the outfield and on first base to find out if it was really true.

It was. This busher from Oklahoma combed Coast League pitchers for an official batting average of .369 that year, .356 the following season, and attained the tremendous batting average of .401 his third year with the San Francisco club.

The name of that busher was Paul Waner. He is no longer a pitcher, but is now one of the star outfielders of the National League with the Pittsburgh club, and was voted the most valuable player in the National League for the season of 1927, when he knocked National League pitchers popeyed with an average of .380. After those three seasons out on the coast Nick Williams tipped off the Pittsburgh club, and the Pirates bought him for $50,000—and his hitting won the pennant for the Pirates his second year up.

CHUCK KLEIN of the Phillies is another hitter of that type—just a natural hitter who could always hit.

Klein was discovered by Joe O'Rourke, scout for the Phillies, the first year he played professional ball with the Fort Wayne club in the Central League. O'Rourke's son played an infield position with the Fort Wayne club and tipped off his dad about Klein before the rest of us had a line on him. As a result the Phillies bought Klein at midseason of that year—1928—paying $7,500, in spite of the fact that this was his first season off the lots and his total previous experience had been on a high-school team and on factory teams.

Klein reported to the Phillies at midseason that year. He hit big-league pitching for an average of .360, hit .356 for the full season the following year, and .386 the year after that, and led the National League in home runs and in driving in runs—a better three-year start in the big leagues than Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb, or any of the greatest stars of baseball history had been able to accomplish. Last fall Chuck Klein was unanimously chosen as the most valuable player in the National League.

Every year sees some busher popping up over the big-league horizon with a scintillating glare that attracts the undivided attention of the fans. Last year it was Lon Warneke and Frank Demaree of the Cubs, and Tony Frietas, diminutive southpaw pitcher of the Athletics. The year before it was Pepper Martin of the Cardinals and Gomez of the Yankees—and so on back. But the depression has hit the budding busher business, for last fall the eight clubs in the two big leagues drafted only four players from the bushes, while the forty-eight clubs in the six Class AA and Class A minor leagues failed to draft a single player from the sticks lower down.

This year the chances are that major attention will be focused on the effort of Rogers Hornsby to reëstablish himself as a private in the ranks—and Hornsby hasn't been a busher since he came up out of Denison in 1915.

THE END

ADVICE TO MEN... *offer her a*

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Besides, she knows that the cork tips which you can buy at no extra cost are a real protection to her lips. And now in every pack of Raleighs you get a coupon. Save 50 of these coupons and get a handsome deck of initialed gilt-edged U. S. Playing Cards, or get a fine bridge set of two decks for 85 coupons. (This offer good only in U.S.A.)

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

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$250 in CASH PRIZES

YOU CAN WIN BIG MONEY BY NAMING THIS WEEK'S COVER!

64 LIBERTY READERS WILL SHARE IN THESE CASH AWARDS

Why Not Enter and Claim Your Share?

THIS IS THE PICTURE— HAVE YOU THE WINNING TITLE?

"WHAT'S in a name?" Well, as some sage so aptly turned the phrase, it all depends. For instance, there's $50 for you in the best name or title for the picture which adorns this week's cover, provided you submit it in accordance with the rules of the offer.

If the name you suggest wins second money there's $25 in it for you. And so on down through the list of sixty-four cash awards. In other words, in this contest at least, what's in a name depends entirely upon your success as an entrant.

To make it as easy as possible for you to compete, we have reproduced on this page the picture which appears on the cover. If you were an editor what caption would you give it?

It's the sort of illustration that stimulates the imagination. No doubt a number of possible titles have come to your mind as you read this.

Select one of them and submit it for a Liberty cash prize as directed in the rules. It may prove to be worth $50 to you! The sixty-four prizes must be paid. Your chance to win one of them is equal to that of any other entrant. Why not seize it and make the most of your opportunity? You can win—and if you do your prize money will be just so much clear gain!

TITLE CONTEST CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$50
Second Prize	25
Third Prize	15
Fourth Prize	10
Ten Prizes, $5 Each	50
Fifty Prizes, $2 Each	100
Total Prize Money	$250

TITLE CONTEST RULES

Each suggested title must be of not more than ten words.

Each title must be accompanied by a note of not more than twenty-five words stating what, in this week's issue of Liberty, appeals to you most.

The title which in the opinion of the judges supplies the cleverest, most interesting caption for the picture and which is accompanied by the most interesting note, as above, will be adjudged the best.

Judging on this basis, Liberty will pay a first prize of $50. For second best, $25; for third best, $15; for fourth best, $10; for the next ten, $5 each; and for the next fifty $2 each will be paid. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Address all entries to TITLE CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete in this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

This contest closes Monday, April 10.

$250 MORE PRIZES NEXT WEEK

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$50 FIRST PRIZE

JIM MERCER, Atlanta, Ga.

Buy American!
That's hot!
Buy American—
With WHAT?

$25 SECOND PRIZE

M. T. ONTIVEROS, El Paso, Tex.

Rich gangster,
Coppers failed.
Income tax,
Gangster jailed.

$15 THIRD PRIZE

GEORGE LA DUE, Grantwood, N. J.

Over slept—
Arrived late.
Met boss—
Got gate!

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

J. J. CALL, Haddonfield, N. J.

Big fire,
Clothing store.
Abie smiles,
Flames roar.

TEN $5 PRIZES

Alex N. Abercrombie, Collins, Miss.; E. C. Adolph, Washington, D. C.; Challis Bartlett, Danvers, Mass.; Mrs. C. H. Buchanan, White Plains, N. Y.; Samuel R. Fryer, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Rena Henderson Kerr, Baltimore, Md.; Ralph D. King, Sacramento, Calif.; W. G. Lipsey, Flushing, N. Y.; Tom Mannix, Los Angeles, Calif.; O. Nelson, San Diego, Calif.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

Bonnie Bond, Oakland, Calif.; L. B. Bing, Victoria, B. C.; Mrs. Rose M. Braun, Orange, N. J.; Ruth S. Burke, Lincoln, Neb.; Ruth Marie Calkins, West Los Angeles, Calif.; Charles G. Crago, Wheeling, W. Va.; O. C. Custer, Xenia, Ohio; Sarah B. Duncan, Ft. Leavenworth, Kan.; John Dell, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. W. C. Futch, Bradenton, Fla.; Jacob Gealt, Philadelphia, Pa.; Lucy Harter, New York, N. Y.; Ann Heintz, Ames, Iowa; Jennie Hackney, Limona, Fla.; Mrs. James P. Irvine, Lexington, Ky.; Bruce Kelley, Marshfield, Ore.

Mrs. R. G. Kent, Evansville, Ind.; Mrs. C. L. Kilpatrick, Charles City, Iowa; Sybil Kirkpatrick, Weatherford, Tex.; Matt Korman, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; J. E. Lang, McGehee, Ark.; D. C. Lawshe, Trenton, N. J.; James Lister, Vancouver, B. C.; M. K. Lower, Geneva, Ohio; E. R. Lusk, Birmingham, Ala.; Albert H. Pearce, Portland, Ore.; Lorine McCullough, San Benito, Tex.; John W. McGeachy, Arcadia, Calif.; A. R. Montgomery, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. J. B. Moses, Dallas, Tex.; Paul M. Pealer, Boonville, Mo.

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TO THE LADIES!

By
PRINCESS
ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 45 seconds.)

WHAT do cooks eat?"

That was one of the questions I asked George Rector when I met him. "What," I asked, "do famous chefs eat when they sit down to their own dinners?"

I think you'll be surprised, as I was, by Mr. Rector's answer. "Goulash," he said. "The highest-priced chefs in the world, men who spend their lives dishing up the most elaborate menus, call for goulash nine times out of ten when they order for themselves. Cooks of distinction rarely eat fancy food. Onion soup is another favorite with them. Also braised short ribs. Often they make a whole meal of cheese and salad."

George Rector

George Rector, you know, is *the* great American authority on fancy cooking. Son and heir of Rector's celebrated restaurant, as a boy he was sent abroad to learn everything that Europe knows about *de luxe* food. In France he devoted eight months to the sauce cult of the Café de Paris; two whole months he spent doing nothing but taste the fish sauce at Marguery's.

Mr. Rector told me that he thinks American housewives are doing well to undertake all sorts of food experiments. Says he approves of our adventurous spirit in the kitchen, but thinks we should remember these principles:

1. If your soup is worth eating, it should be good for two helpings, with a simple meal to follow. 2. A perfect salad should not be overiced. Lettuce should not be too crispy. 3. The use of salt and pepper is one of the fine arts of cookery. Study it. It's not so easy. 4. Big comfortable plates—plates large in diameter—add to the pleasure of a good meal.

LITTLE Pekingese dogs are joked about all the time, but I, for one, never have had the temerity to laugh at them. Little Pekingese dogs inspire me with wonder and some awe. They are so dog-gone aristocratic.

I know a little Peke who won't come near you if you wear a woolen dress. Your lap is not for him unless you wear silk. This is not snobbishness on his part. It's pure heredity. Pekes for thousands of years were the palace dogs of Chinese royalty, who wore silk always. When that Peke turns up his snuffy little nose at my wool dress, I feel snubbed by Celestial generations without number.

WHAT a gay couple! How they love dancing, music, the theater! He is an ex-actor, you see, and she is his sweetie. I meet them here and there, always the life of the party. Do they keep their high spirits going a little desperately? Of late I have thought so.

For several years they have been on the go together. Been that way ever since she came to an understanding with her husband. The case was not uncommon. Husband was Wall-Street rich, and she had married him in the heyday of prosperous years. True love did not cleave her at last to her hard-working husband, as in fiction stories. Instead, she fell in love with the actor, and he with her. Husband was nice as could be. Gave her grounds for divorce, according to our gallant tradition. Agreed to pay her a sizable alimony.

With life thus insured, she and her actor set to work to enjoy their infatuation. They couldn't marry, for he had a long-lost wife around somewhere. From work, however, he was soon entirely divorced. He wasn't much of an actor anyway. But what did he and his new girl care? They had each other—and an income from friend husband. Then along came depression. No longer is their income ample or sure. Wall-Street husband hasn't got much left to give them.

So they are dancing now until the roof falls down upon them. I tell you their story because it has so many counterparts. Hundreds of divorced butterflies dance today to the tune of impending tragedy. Never has there been such an *exposé* of divorce folly. You can't escape from economics. Divorce, and the wastefulness that it entails, belonged very largely to our spendthrift years.

BEADS with perfume in them are among the new French novelties that have not reached us yet but are on the way. The beads are slightly porous, and the warmth of your flesh brings out the perfume. Thus your necklace scents you and ornaments you at the same time.

Also in fashion again are those long pearl necklaces, a couple of yards long, the kind that go three times around your neck—and lynch you if you're not careful.

YOU'LL like Anne Green's new novel, A Marriage of Convenience. (Published by Dutton.)

DOWN to South Carolina went a rich Northern lady and her husband, last month, for their winter vacation. She collects old silver. Knows all the antique marks, etc. Keeps her collection strictly for show—wouldn't dream of using any of it.

Invited to a fine old Southern home, she saw a fine silver jug of the Georgian period on the sideboard. Immediately she took it and turned it upside down to inspect the mark, as is her habit. A little brook of golden sirup gurgled merrily down her front. She screamed and dropped that jug. Was she mad! Actually, she blamed the people who own the jug for keeping sirup in it.

The idea that a family may prefer to make everyday use of their antiques is quite outside of her philosophy.

Five Days

Woman Overboard—A Little Gift—Adrift at Sea—Mary Takes Command

(Reading time: 14 minutes 55 seconds.)

THIS is the story of the hilarious adventures of Beadle Preece and a group of friends aboard a stolen yacht. Preece has been told by his broker, Milton Sands, that his fortune has been wiped out in Wall Street. As he is about to hang himself Swazey, a burglar, comes along, learns of his troubles, and suggests he take something that belongs to Sands. They steal Sands' yacht, the Electra, and start adventuring. First they pick up Mary Winlock, a girl from a shanty scow, then Harris Payton, a society man, and then Carlotta Townsend, an heiress, who has hated Beadle all her life, and Bishop Hartley. The sextet sail to Newport, rob a gown shop to outfit Mary, and crash an exclusive ball. Beadle discovers that he no longer hates Carlotta and proceeds to get corned. Back aboard the yacht, he is awakened next day to find Jane Payton, wife of Harris, coming aboard in search of her husband. She orders Payton to leave and he in turn tells her to get off the yacht and leave him alone.

Part Eight—Payton Makes a Decision

"OH!" said Mrs. Payton. "Oh! Oh!"

She'd used up her better expletives on Beadle. All she had left was this one weak monosyllable.

"Scram," said Payton.

"Amscray ickquay," said Carlotta.

"Brazen hussy!" said Mrs. Payton.

"Itchbay," said Carlotta.

"Oh, dear, dear!" said the bishop. "I probably shouldn't be here, but it *is* so exciting."

Mrs. Payton threw her nose in the air and addressed her lord and master.

"You go get your clothes," she said. "You're coming with me!"

"No," said Payton. "I'm not coming with you, Jane."

"You damn' well are! If you think I'm going to support you and have you running around disgracing me, you've got another think coming."

Payton winced.

"You'll do what I say when I say it, see? Go get your clothes."

He shook his head.

"No, Jane. I've stood you and stood being ordered around for fifteen years. I'm through now. Please go."

"Where's that four thousand dollars you blackmailed my aunt into handing over?"

"I'll get it for you—most of it's here."

Even to a person of his marine ignorance, being stalled o

"But, Harris." Beadle stepped into the ring. "Don't you remember? That's yours. We decided she owed it to you."

Harris smiled at him. It was a sad, wistful smile. He was being hurt and trying not to show it.

"Jane owes me lots of things," he said. "She owes me fifteen years when I should have had a home and kids and friends of my own."

"You had a home. You had the swellest damn' home in New York."

"Swellest house," said Harris.

Point Judith in a small boat was something of a sensation.

" You won't have one now—you won't have a cent now and don't you forget it."

Payton turned to go for the money.

He hesitated at the top of the companionway. Then he shook his head and went on below. Jane Payton leaned her head down the companionway, partly because she was overeager about the money and partly because she wanted one last chance to be a good fishwife to Payton. She forgot that the others could hear the awful things she was saying, and she hated Payton. She hated him because he was a gentleman and she could

By

ERIC HATCH

Illustrations by F. W. SWAIN

never be a lady; she hated him for having been worm enough to put up with her and now she hated him for ceasing to be a worm and becoming a man. In that minute or so of flowing speech she said things to him that no woman should ever say—even to herself.

For Beadle and Hartley and Mary it was ghastly. Swazey and Carlotta, being harder-boiled and broader of perception, found it fascinating at first, but after a bit her language became to Swazey stupefying and to Carlotta revolting. Jane Payton was the sort of woman who beats show dogs if they fail to win prizes. Carlotta stepped on to the deck.

" The water," she said, " looks pretty cold this day."

She fixed Beadle with the Townsend eye. He caught her meaning and nodded. A second later, without knowing how she got there, Mrs. Payton found herself in the briny, with a gold-plated boat hook grappling for the seat of what would have been her pants had she worn pants.

Bishop Hartley glanced at Carlotta. For all his nightshirt, he looked every inch a bishop.

" By gad," he said, " she made a wonderful splash! "

Swazey peered over the rail at the sailor with the boat hook that looked gold-plated.

" I allus *wondered* what dem t'ings was for," he said musingly.

PAYTON came from below with the money. Beadle went up to him and said, " We couldn't stand it, Harris. We chucked her overboard."

Payton went to the gangway. His wife, spluttering and in a state of nervous collapse, had been lifted into the tender's cabin. He turned to Beadle, a look of horror on his face.

" I can't keep this money."

Then the look of horror went away and a smile began to take its place. The smile spread. It wasn't the smile of a man who was being hurt; it was the smile of a genius who has just had a brain storm. He went down the gangway and addressed the officer in command of the tender.

" I won't be seeing you any more, Williams," he said, " but I want to show my appreciation of your service. Divide this among yourself and the crew."

With that he gave him the huge roll of bills he held in his hand, and turned to Beadle grinning from ear to ear.

" She'll never forgive me for that, will she? I hope to heaven she won't! "

Beadle shook his head. There was a hardness, a bitterness, about the thing that frightened him. He had never realized before the depth of the hate that mismarriage can develop—the tragedy of men who have married money for love. The tender streaked away from the yacht's side. He looked at Payton. He was still standing on the bottom step of the gangway, watching the little boat. The smile had gone. Beadle, looking at him, knew he scarcely saw the boat because his eyes were fixed on the distance beyond it. It seemed probable he was seeing dozens and dozens of other scenes that had built up to this one. Seeing his wedding, perhaps. Seeing Jane as a girl, pretty, young, warmly responsive.

" Fifteen years is the hell of a long time."

Payton said it aloud, but he wasn't talking to anyone. Mary went down the steps and put her arm through his. He turned and looked down and smiled at her. Beadle was touched. The thing had upset him to such an extent he'd even forgotten about his headache. He went for-

ward to the wheelhouse and started the motors. Presently Carlotta joined him there and Swazey came and stood in the bow. Hartley had gone below to dress.

Carlotta said, "It stinks, doesn't it? *I* think maybe he really cared about her once."

"I know he did," said Beadle. "He told me about it."

"It must be rotten—to love somebody and then have them go haywire like that."

Swazey, who had been musing deeply on what he had heard and seen in the last little while, said, "I t'ink we better get out of here, chief. De people here doesn't behave right."

"We're getting out. Haul in that anchor."

"Where to?" said Carlotta, as Swazey bent over his own private tangle lines. From the beginning making fast the anchor line had been Swazey's job because it was always so interesting for the others to watch him undo it. "Where to?"

Beadle let in one clutch so they'd ride up on the anchor. Carlotta saw that he was upset and that there was an expression of terrific determination on his face. She wondered why he didn't look ridiculous standing there at the wheel in his full-dress suit. Swazey hauled on the anchor line. It gave as the anchor broke away. Beadle savagely threw in the other motor and opened the throttles.

"Where going, Beadle?"

He looked into her eyes.

"I'm going to Glen Cove and see Milton Sands and beat the hell out of him until he gives me back what he stole from me—that's where I'm going!"

On the face of it, the idea of Beadle beating the hell out of Milton should have seemed almost laughable. Carlotta didn't feel the least like laughing. She looked at him in amazement.

"Good man, Preece. Why?"

"Because I don't want to have that hap—"

He caught himself.

"Because I don't want to have that guy making a fool of me."

Carlotta knew perfectly well that wasn't what he'd been going to say.

IT was six o'clock in the evening when the Electra hiked up her skirts and hurried from Newport Harbor, heading into a quickening southwest breeze in the general direction of Point Judith. But it took them a long time to get clear of the harbor, because Mary was sitting on the after deck with Payton and Beadle wasn't at all sure of his buoys. At that point he wasn't at all sure of his cosmos, let alone being sure of his buoys. Gradually they made their way out to the open sea.

At seven thirty they were well out on the ocean, rolling the way cruisers will in the ground swell that is always there off Newport and the point. The bishop had completed his dressing and come into the deck house. Mary and Payton still sat in the long chairs on the after deck. Their hands were clasped.

Beadle, recovered now from his hangover but not from the emotional effects of the one-act drama, stood straddle-legged at the wheel. The determination that Carlotta had noticed had grooved itself into his brain. He was in love with her. He realized he was probably in love with her because of the absurd intimacy she'd created between them. He felt sure it was just the propinquity that had done it to him, and standing staring fiercely at the westering sun he knew that how the thing had happened to him made no difference. It had happened. He was in love with her, and he had to get to Milton Sands and beat the hell out of him so he could get his money back and ask her to marry him.

He knew now, beyond a doubt, that, cussedness and all, she was the most charming woman he had ever met; and because he knew she'd always despised him he had gotten self-respect out of the fact that she wanted to join his cruise to nowhere. She hadn't been joining Swazey or Mary or Payton; it was he she was joining. Carlotta, without meaning to, had been giving to him the things he'd set out to find when he'd said to Swazey, "Come up to my room—let's have a snort before we get going."

Five days! A man's life couldn't be so changed in five days. Then he remembered that his life had been completely changed in five seconds—the five seconds when he could have missed Swazey's arrival and gone up to his room in the great bare house. Five seconds, or one second for that matter, had made all the difference. It was perfectly understandable that five days should have changed his life around, then.

Such is the natural egotism of man that when, for one reason or another, he can't ask a lady to marry him, it never enters his head she might not want to if he did. Approximately six miles south by southeast of the Point Judith siren, this appalling thought miraculously hit Beadle. At the same instant the Electra's engines sighed as wistfully as ever did Payton, and stopped. Beadle, who hadn't spoken a word since they'd left Newport, came out of his condition of fierce determination. Even to a person of his marine ignorance, being stalled off Point Judith in the open sea in a small boat was something of a sensation.

The Electra coasted a hundred yards or so and then slowly swung around until she lay broadside to the long rollers. Beadle turned from the wheel and addressed Hartley.

"The engines have stopped," he said.

"It's funny," said Carlotta, "but I noticed that, too."

BEADLE pushed the starters frantically. They spun the motors but nothing happened. He shook his head.

"They won't work."

"I know," said Hartley. "It's Sunday."

"Don't be funny," said Carlotta. "If we can't fix them and can't pick up a tow, we're plenty in for it."

Mary came forward and stuck her head in the door.

"What have you-all done now?"

"The engines seem to have stopped," said Beadle.

"*Seem* to," said Mary. "Do you know anythin' 'bout 'em?"

Beadle laughed a little feebly.

"I was hoping you would," he said. "Hartley wouldn't and I don't think Harris or Carlotta would."

"I'll find out if I do or not," said Mary. "Come on down an' help, Swazey."

But Swazey was already showing symptoms of a return of the malady that had so stricken him in the Lower Bay off New York. He just stared back at her; but through the glassy stare of his eyes you could see what he thought of people who go down to the sea in ships and of perfectly respectable burglars who are fools enough to join them. Presently he sank to the deck and leaned against the windlass. The bishop, who was really alarmed at the situation they were in but didn't want anyone to know it, said, "Bill, when you want unction I'm ready for you."

Swazey didn't think it was funny. Mary started for the engine room. Beadle stopped her and said, "You know, I think maybe we're out of gas. Let's look there first." They went to the stern where the tanks were and looked. There were two of them and they were bone-dry. Beadle said, "I guess we forgot to fill both the other day."

"I guess we did," said Mary.

They looked at each other. Beadle said, "I'm sorry I got you into this, Mary."

"Nerts," said Mary. "I could swim ashore from here—but I'd lose those dresses if I did."

"Isn't there some way we can signal or something?"

Mary looked over the heaving rail at the sea. It was as empty as Swazey would be in a little while. She said, "Sure; there're lots of ways we can signal. But who we gonna signal to? The man in the moon?"

Beadle nodded. He had that sickening feeling of approaching disaster. He said, "I see." Like Hartley he was genuinely alarmed, for it was perfectly obvious that if the wind kicked up much the Electra would swamp.

"We can make her roll less if we put out a sea anchor."

"It looks too deep," said Beadle.

"Listen," said Mary. "Sea anchors float. You tie a lot of canvas together and dump it overboard on a

When he went on deck again he found her surrounded by canvas.

line—it drags and keeps you end on to the wind. Sometimes they call it a drag."

"I used to ride the drag at Meadow Brook once," said Beadle. "It used to scare me to death."

"You used to what?"

"You do it with horses—hounds just follow a line that's already picked out, so you go pretty fast. I had a horse called Jingo. He was a swell horse."

"You *what?*" said Mary. "Snap out of it!"

"That was another kind of a drag," he said.

"I thought it must be if you used horses," said Mary. "We're gonna use canvas. Come on help me rig it up."

"Will I have time to change my clothes first? This is no kind of a suit for a shipwreck."

He went below to his cabin and rooted around in the closet. He didn't like it down there with the boat rolling that way. When he went on deck again he found her surrounded by canvas. She told him she'd taken the weather curtains from the after deck. He helped her tie them together and fasten one of the anchor lines to a sort of bridle she made out of flag halyard. Then he picked up the billowing mass and started forward with it.

Mary yelled at him, "Hey, throw it over the stern. You have to with motor boats, 'cause the propellers make 'em want to head that way."

He dumped it overboard. Mary fastened the end of the line to a cleat.

"Have you stopped hatin' her yet?"

Beadle looked at her.

"Yes," he said.

"Well, it ain't my funeral," said Mary. "I just don't like the idea of seein' a good guy take it."

She let out a little more line and nodded toward the deck house where the others had stayed.

"Thanks for thinking I'm a good guy," said Beadle. He went up forward to where Carlotta and Harris and the bishop were playing bridge. He asked them who was ahead.

"I am," said Carlotta. "Did you find out what was the matter?"

"We're out of gas," said Beadle.

In next week's concluding installment you will learn what happened to the six adventurers during their night adrift on the Sound.

No Parachutes

The French to the Rescue—Elizabeth's Gift—Good-by Königsberg!—Paris and a Bath—General Mitchell Appoints an Aid

By

ALAN WINSLOW

Illustrations by W. MACRAE GILLIES

(Reading time: 20 minutes 20 seconds.)

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

ELIZABETH led me into a dim, stiff parlor. Heavy curtains, carved wood, old brocade, a candelabrum that must have glittered over the gayety of other days.

"Al-an," she told me in her low husky voice that was scarcely more than a musical whisper, "the *Herr General* did not get your letters. The *Herr Oberst* did not send them. Not one of them. I had to tell you. But the *Herr Oberst*— No one must know that I talked to you!"

Again she stood on tiptoes, but this time she kissed me. "Go very quickly, Al-an."

I went, and for hours I walked. I had no money, so I could not eat, but I forgot hunger. I was not tired. I was free at last—at least for the day. The *Herr Oberst*, blast his soul, had not sent my letters. Why? I did not know. What would become of me? Was I going to be a prisoner forever? I did not know. At least temporary freedom was mine, and for the moment that was enough. I refused to think beyond that.

I walked through that city of gray stone. The December air stung my face, and the chill breeze, probably straight from the North Sea, whipped the empty linen sleeve. I still wore my own and original uniform. Grave pedestrians turned to look at me. Foul-tongued small boys flung taunts and stones. I did not care. For the first time in almost five months—one hundred and forty-six days and nights, to be exact—I was free. Free!

But the unaccustomed exercise and the lack of food had begun to drain my energy, which was largely nervous. My long tramp had led me into a more populous part of the city. It must have been nearly seven o'clock. The dusk was deepening into dark. Street shops displayed strings of sausages and full-moon cheeses. Open beer gardens flaunted red-and-white-checkered tablecloths and great mugs of foaming brew. The lights of cafés flashed back and forth across the pavement as the swinging doors opened and shut to hearty-voiced customers. Full tramcars clanged jauntily through the cobbled streets. An unexpected feel of gayety was in the air.

Suddenly I knew why. It was the twenty-fourth of December. But there would be no gayety for me, no music, no present, no Christmas cheer. I would go back to the cold, bleak hospital, while at home—

But I knew I must not think of Christmas Eve at home. With the dusk the cold had increased, and I had no overcoat. I turned in the direction of the hospital.

"Lieutenant!" I wheeled around, astonished. This was no German voice. "Lieutenant!"

A captain in a smart and complete sky-blue uniform of a French artillery regiment had turned the corner and almost bumped into me.

"Where did you come from?" he cried in rapid French.

Neither of us stopped to realize that we had never seen one another before. Here was a French ally, a brother officer. For the first time in my life I could have employed the Latin salute of kissing a man on both cheeks.

"From the prison hospital over there." I pointed in the general direction of the place. "I was sent here from Trier. I've been a prisoner for five months. I was shot down in Germany."

"The prison hospital!" he exclaimed. "Are there more besides yourself?"

Then he explained that he was attached to the French Repatriation Commission which had that day arrived in Königsberg. The German general in command of the district had submitted a report, which was supposedly complete, of all prison hospitals and all prisoners. My name had not been on that list; neither had Harold Riley's, nor my three French hospital companions'.

He was excited as only a Frenchman can be. "Five Allied prisoners and the Boche did not report you—"

"There must be at least a hundred soldiers who came along on the train with us. Has the general mentioned them?"

"A hundred? *Nom d'un chien!* Come along with me and tell my colonel."

Picture a restaurant, the largest in Königsberg. Brilliant lights. Tables raised in tiers. White-aproned waiters with steaming savory food and serviette-covered bottles. Officers still in the uniform of the Kaiser's regiments. Attractive women. At the end of the room, the center of all attention, a long table, a splash of French blue in that gathering of gray German uniforms. A colonel, two majors, and a captain were dining among the erstwhile enemy.

Imagine the stir when the French captain took me among crowded tables to his colonel!

Comments, whispers.

"That uniform! What is it?"

"He wears the leggings of a soldier, yet he goes to the colonel's table!"

"Careful, Gertrude, he may understand German."

The colonel was as astonished as my companion had been fifteen minutes earlier. He was small but impressive, covered with medals. A man of decision, of action, I felt, but nevertheless genial and kindly. His closely cut dark beard did not conceal his friendly grin.

"But we will not discuss your troubles, lieutenant. There are too many about who are not of the Allies. You will dine with us, and then I myself will see to this matter of the hospital and your detention." He made a place at the table next to him. He signaled to a waiter. He consulted me as to my desires in food and wine.

The countess said with a smile, "You see that wall over there? That is where our famous ghost walks."

There followed the spirited interchange of men who were not morose from isolation. Conversation again. It went to my head as strong wine could not have done. I ate greedily, and listened just as greedily to the talk of treaty terms, reconstruction, peace measures, and the revolution in Königsberg.

Since my arrival here the hospital had been a complete barrier between me and the rest of the world. I knew less of what was going on than I had in Trier. Now I learned for the first time that the Kaiser was in Holland, that Wilson had sailed for Paris, that all of the Allies looked to the Fourteen Points as the hope of the future.

I was proud to be an American! And what luck to have run into the captain! What a Christmas Eve!

After dinner a huge gray automobile waited for us, and in it we drove to the hospital in nothing short of royal state. I strode in along with the colonel. He demanded to see the *Herr Oberst*. He did not wait to be announced.

"What is the meaning of this? Five Allied officers detained for six weeks! Scratched from the rolls!"

The *Herr Oberst* shrugged. "There was a revolution. I took advantage of it. You have defeated us. Why should I not have some satisfaction?"

He polished his eyeglass insolently.

"*Herr Oberst*, satisfaction you may have had, but you will pay for it. We will arrange for that later. For the present these men are to be released immediately. Tomorrow all those who are able to leave will go back with me to France. The ship sails at ten in the morning. You are to see that they do not miss the sailing!"

He turned his back on the German without saluting. It was all I could do to refrain from using the classical gesture of nasal defiance as the *Herr Oberst* clicked his well polished heels maliciously together.

An expression almost of bliss shone from Jacques' face. He was playing for the first time since his imprisonment. Madelon, the Long, Long Trail, and innumerable ballads of the boulevards, interspersed with selections from light opera, echoed cheerily against the gray hospital walls.

Harold and I were drinking red wine, and he was contentedly munching raisin cake which Elizabeth had somehow smuggled in to us. She had also smuggled in the red wine and the violin. Christmas presents for her boys. It was still Christmas Eve, and we were literally intoxicated with the good news I had brought. The climax was this Christmas celebration of Elizabeth's. White bread and sausage, cheese, red wine, and cake, a miniature Christmas tree, even the violin.

"It's Christmas Eve. Make me a present."

SHE ran hither and thither, tucking pillows, serving food, replenishing wineglasses. I think she really believed we were children, four small boys who must not be disappointed. At eleven o'clock she announced firmly: "One more small song and then out go the lights!" We stretched that one small song to three, and then she had to use force to part the violinist from his newly acquired instrument. It was an ill-made wooden thing, but no Strad could have seemed more precious.

My three companions settled to sleep with sighs of deep content. But I could not get to sleep. Memories, plans, hopes drummed through my excited brain. Pictures of home! I called Elizabeth.

"Elizabeth, will you be a good girl and give me one more Christmas present?"

"What, Al-an?" Again her husky voice that could be so tender.

"Listen, Elizabeth. I haven't had morphine in weeks. I know you're not supposed to give it to me, but I'm tired and my arm's raising the devil. Please, Elizabeth. It's Christmas Eve. Make me a present."

She hesitated, and I thought she was going to refuse. Then abruptly she made up her mind. "All right, Al-an; but that is a strange Christmas present."

She brought the needle and the syringe. Carefully she inserted it. I thanked her and fell asleep. It must have been hours later when I felt something soft and very sweet touch my lips. I opened my eyes, and I thought Elizabeth was kissing me. It was strangely pleasant.

The next morning, crisp and alert as usual, she said: "Well, Lieutenant Winslow, how was my Christmas present? Did it make you sleep well?"

"Fine!"

"I am glad. Then you did not awaken?"

She said it with such professional seriousness that I decided the kiss was actually an illusion of morphia.

So I replied, "Not once, Elizabeth, thanks to you."

Then she laughed. "Oh, Al-an. You are much healthier than I believed. That injection was pure water."

. . . . .

Good-byee, don't cryee,
Wipe the tear,
Baby dear, from your eyee!

Our ship was pulling out of the quay. The gaunt gray-stone houses of Königsberg were fading in the cold winter mists.

I thought of the violinist, too ill to be sent back to France with us; sitting up in bed with the tears rolling down his fat cheeks while he fiddled a gay tune for our good-byee. I thought of Elizabeth and her low husky voice: "Remember me sometimes, Al-an."

Au revoir, old thing,
Cheerio, chin-chin,
Napoo, tiddle-dee-oo,
Good-byeeee—

A British "luftenant" shouted the chorus in my right ear. He added: "How about a drink, old thing?"

THAT trip comes back to me like the vivid scenes of a revue. British officers in khaki, French officers, Belgian officers, the olive gray of the Italian uniforms, a kaleidoscope of colors and tongues—a tremendous Allied holiday of men who had for weeks and months, for years, been prisoners.

Harold Riley and I were the only Americans in the cast. It gave us distinction.

Like all revues, music was not lacking—

Ce n'est que Madelon. . . .

Mademoiselle from anywhere
Who did this or that everywhere. . . .

We improvised as we sang. We laughed. We drank. We scarcely ever slept. For the time horror and pain were left behind.

Bandages were a source of jest. Wounds were dismissed with two foaming glasses at the bar, and a ringing stanza: *Auprès de ma blonde!*

The third day, when we slowly nosed into the clean, clear little harbor of Helsingör, on the east coast of Denmark, was more than an adequate finale for the colorful shipboard pageant. Even the town was exactly the right background. Quaint wooden and stucco houses like musical-comedy chalets.

At the dock all of the population had assembled in their Sunday best. Men in neat black; women in holiday array of bright reds and blues. Along with them were two uniformed bands.

God Save the King rang out on the bright cold morning air, and the whole ship stood at attention. The Marseillaise; finally the Brabançonne.

Harold and I were vicariously stirred with a triple patriotism. We might have been born under the shadow of Lord Nelson's statue, on the banks of the Seine, or as loyal subjects of Albert, King of the Belgians.

There were only the two of us Americans, so we could not expect to be greeted by our national anthem. Then a choking sensation, mingled with homesickness and

astonishment, surged over us. The Danish bands, in the same spirited fashion with which they had welcomed the Allies, swung into the Star-Spangled Banner.

Getting off the gangplank a chauffeur in livery stepped up to us. His English smacked of Chicago residence but Danish parentage. "Pardon me, are you the American officers?"

We replied that we were. "Then will you come with me to the car? My employer wishes to speak to you."

Harold looked at me. "Some American, probably."

The car was a sleek dark-blue one of an expensive foreign make. But the man who got out to greet us was not an American. He might have been an upper-class Continental of almost any nationality. I liked him at once—his frank smile, his cordial handshake.

He spoke in a cultured, faintly accented English: "We read in the paper that there were two American officers aboard. My wife and I hope that you will accept our hospitality while you are in Helsingör. Von Moltke is my name."

I still wore my one uniform. When our new friend introduced me to his wife I realized how bedraggled I must look. The Countess von Moltke was lovely, tall, and with deep-blue eyes. She used a faint but sophisticated perfume. It was that perfume more than anything else which made me remember my clumsy hobnailed shoes, my unmatched sleeves, the gash in my trousers.

We drove through Helsingör in the von Moltke car. Peace. I had not remembered what it was like. Here it was all around me. The clean streets, the gabled houses with casement windows, and window boxes that were green even in the December cold. The neat, prosperous people who lived normal lives and died normal deaths. The cultured voices beside me. The soft cushions, the faint scent of perfume.

We stopped before an ancient turreted building of stone. Its great iron-studded doors were thrown open. We drove through them into the huge flagged courtyard. An old servant in striped sleeves and the black uniform of a concierge bent almost double to express his respect for the count and countess.

THIS stately group of buildings was the National Military Academy of Denmark. We saw cadets parading, cadets drilling, but there was none of the bristling militarism of the country I had left. Rather it was like a series of scenes from an ancient tapestry. Slim gray turrets, high gray walls, sunlight on flagged courts, youth indulging in exercise.

We had luncheon in a high-ceilinged and raftered hall with mullioned windows. There I was almost convinced that I had gone backward down the centuries, that Countess von Moltke should be wearing robes of velvet and ermine with flowing sleeves, and our host should be in the chain shirt of the ancient Norsemen. Then presently, with the mead, the minstrel would come in.

Count von Moltke, however, proved to be his own minstrel. All through luncheon he talked brilliantly of the old Denmark. At his words vikings rose from their deep-sea graves and sailed unknown waters in their many-oared ships.

He told us of the spirit of new Denmark as these young men in the Military Academy foreshadowed it. He was commandant of the school, and proud of his cadets.

After luncheon there were liqueurs and from a high carved cabinet he brought out a box of cigars. They were superlatively good Havanas, of a kind seldom met with in Europe. He smiled at our amazement. "I contracted the habit of these in the Danish West Indies. I was governor at the time they were sold to your country. Fortunately I was sent to Washington to conclude certain arrangements in the treaty. It was a pleasant experience."

HIS cigar had gone out. He relighted it. "I have never let the friendships I made then lapse. Yet, as you may know, I am indirectly related to the officer in the German cabinet who bears my name."

He paused. "I am explaining all this because I should like to ask you a question. I am a neutral, whatever the German von Moltkes. How were you treated while you were prisoners in Germany?"

Neither Harold nor I could reply. We were too close to our experiences to have been able to form any well balanced opinions.

Von Moltke watched our faces, and then he said gently, "I am afraid that at times you must have suffered from brutality. But as I see it, that was unavoidable, because in any nation, in any community, you will find individuals who are civilized superficially, but below this exterior they are brutes. Let war be declared and all of their baser passions are inflamed. The acts of these individuals must not be regarded as the inherent quality of race.

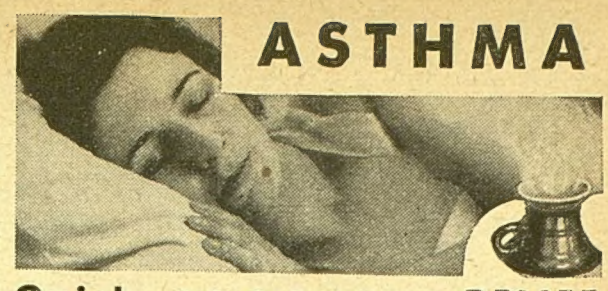
"I hope that as time wears on any bitterness that you have against the German nation as a whole will disappear. I hope that the fair play and sportsmanship which you encountered—and I am sure you did encounter them in Germany just as you would in any country—will outweigh individual brutality."

Count von Moltke seemed to have divined more of my experiences than I could have put into words.

We had sat long over luncheon. The afternoon sunlight was already fading as we crossed the courtyard on our way to the car.

The countess turned to me and said with a smile, "You see that wall over there? That is where our famous ghost walks."

"You are being frivolous, my dear," her husband interrupted. "Not a cadet has reported him this



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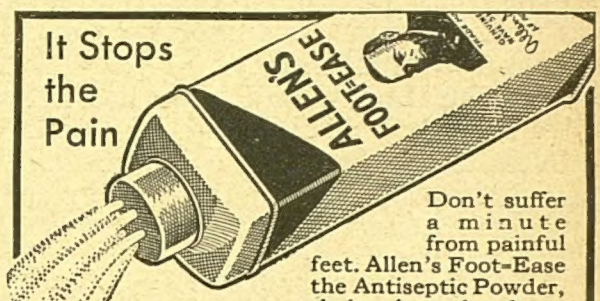

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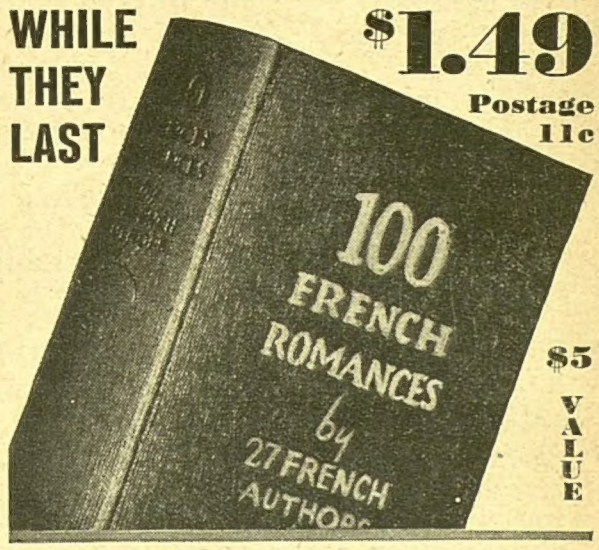

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year, so perhaps he does not walk since the world has been too busy with war to give time to William Shakespeare. But, Lieutenant Winslow, I assure you that is the spot where the ghost of Hamlet, King of Denmark, appeared to the soldiers of the guard."

For no apparent reason, the words echoed through my mind. Ghosts out of Shakespeare, turrets and castle walls, von Moltke himself—they were all as unreal as if they had been part of one of my drugged illusions in the prison hospital.

I was in Paris again. In Paris after a prolonged but triumphant journey from Helsingör to Copenhagen, from Copenhagen to Cherbourg.

My snub-nosed taxicab chugged its impertinent way through the traffic of the Rue de Rivoli. On one side were the gardens of the Tuileries, on the other crowded cafés. Officers of the Allied nations still sipped frappés there. The citizens of France—preparing to accept peace as they had accepted war, blithely, at least on the surface, busily, vehemently—joined the poilu and the soldiers in khaki at the other sidewalk cafés. I had been wounded. I had disappeared into a German prison. A French officer had discovered me by chance while I took my first walk through a bleak city on the North Sea. Then there had been that prolonged but triumphant journey back to France—from Helsingör to Copenhagen, from Copenhagen to Cherbourg.

In the Danish capital we had been welcomed—and our welcome had delayed us—by bands, by a ball. We were taken to the opera. We were heralded in the newspapers. Incidentally, to the delight of my companions, the Danish reporters had translated "Flyer Winslow" somewhat freely into "Flivver Winslow," which seemed in character when I had to go to Colonel Solbert, the American military attaché of the American Legation at Copenhagen, and borrow enough spending money to get me to Paris!

From Copenhagen the Orizaba brought us back across the North Sea. We sang Madelon and The Long, Long Trail; we drank and exchanged prison experiences. The captain, obeying either superior orders or some far-seeing instincts of his own, would not pass a floating mine, and the North Sea bristled with these relics of the war.

He would sight a mine. He would signal the engines to stop. We would all gather on deck while the guns went off, the cold blue water gushing high into the air. Sometimes fragments of the exploding mine showered the deck. This performance, repeated several times during each day, seemed somehow an emblem of patriotism, of success.

IT was almost two months after the Armistice. It was January 9, 1919. And now I was back in Paris after so many months. I leaned out of the window to watch Paris again, to let the feel of it, which is not like the feel of any other city in the world, insinuate itself into my imagination. Paris was too vivid a spectacle this morning for direction to be vital, but still I wanted a bath. Abruptly I realized that I was not being carried in the direction of one.

I knocked on the glass.

"*Oui, monsieur?*" My driver grinned at me with fierce white teeth. He might manipulate a taxi by day but I suspected that by night he probably manipulated the knife of an apache.

"Monsieur desired the Hotel Continental, did he not?"

"No!" I shouted. "I told you the Hotel Crillon, and I want to go there now, not next week!"

My mechanical Robin Hood grinned again, and despite his obvious strategy he was such an engaging blackguard that I promised him many extra centimes.

A lurch, a turn, and we were on our way.

The first time I had stayed at the Crillon was in 1917 when I arrived in Paris for the great adventure of the Lafayette Flying Corps. Now by a certain miracle of luck I was back there again. By another miracle—closely connected, I suspect, with the francs lent me by Major Solbert—I managed to secure the same room I had stayed in two years before. To occupy that room meant a great deal, meant that Paris was Paris and that the war was over.

In 1917 I had thought the room good enough, and the bath—well, a bath. When I rediscovered the tub that January morning, I realized that not enough laurels are given to bathing as an institution. I lathered with soap that smelled loudly of carnations. I dried myself, and then I repeated the performance just to prove that Turkish towels were not a hallucination. And then I telephoned the tailor who made my uniforms. I was ready to look Paris and the postwar world in the face, even though my sleeves didn't match and my German shoes refused to take a polish.

AS the Solbert francs were rapidly diminishing, I decided that I had better go to aviation headquarters and see if I could collect some back pay.

At aviation headquarters I asked to see the commanding general. It was Billy Mitchell. The last time I had seen him he had been a colonel. Now he was General William Mitchell, Chief of the Air Service of the American Expeditionary Forces.

"Thank God you're here, Alan. I never thought I'd see you again. We thought you'd been killed." He wanted to know what had happened to me. And then he announced enthusiastically, "Look here, I'm going to be relieved of this job. They've appointed me Assistant Chief of the Air Service at Washington. I have three weeks' leave coming to me before I sail for home. I'm going to make a motor tour through Belgium and then go to England. I think it would be a swell idea if you came along as my aid!"

I hesitated, and then said, "I'd love to go with you, general, but I'm afraid I would make a rather useless aid. You must remember that I have been in prison hospitals for six months. I'm in no fit condition to do any work."

"Work? Hell!" answered the general. "You won't have to do any work! It will be the best thing in the world for you! I'll place a limousine at your disposal, and you will also have your own chauffeur and your own orderly. Work? I'll have another aid to do the work. He'll be my day aid. You'll be my night aid!"

Was it possible that at last the breaks were with me? I tried to accustom myself to the idea of traveling not as a wounded prisoner in a crowded, evil-smelling troop train, but as Billy Mitchell's aid, with a luxurious limousine, a chauffeur, and an orderly of my own. Paris, Brussels, London.

I hesitated no longer.

Saluting, I said:

"O. K., general. When do we start on our first patrol?"

Later I thought to myself:

"No parachutes—just luck!"

THE END

Bright Sayings of Children

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Face Screens

LITTLE Edith was much concerned over my new hat with the short nose veil. As the wind was coming briskly in the car window I threw the veil up over the top of my hat.

"Oh, mother," she expostulated, "pull your veil *down* over your eyes so the flies won't get on your *face!*"—Mrs. Elsie V. Soper, Box 102, Lebanon, New Jersey.

True, True!

WHILE attempting to clean up some of the dirt with which my son Bobby, aged five, had become smeared during play, I exclaimed:

"How in the world do you get so much dirt all over yourself?"

To which came the answer: "I don't get it. It gets me!"—Mrs. Russell Herr, 976 Pleasant Ridge, Columbus, Ohio.

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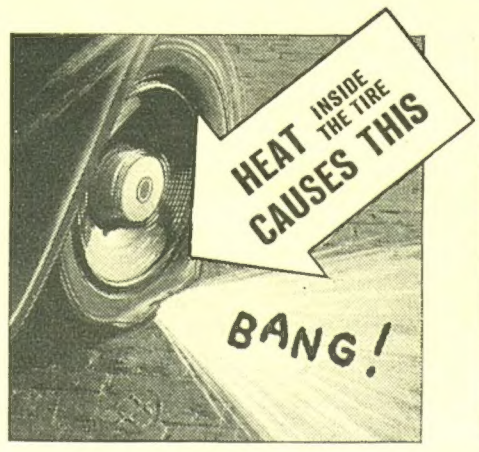

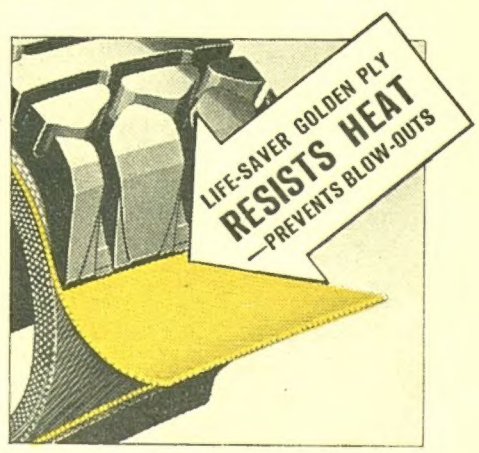

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